

rez

October 2015



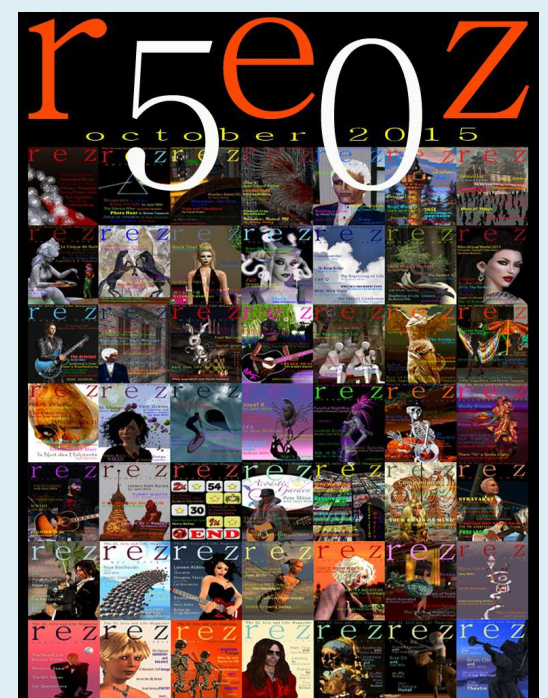
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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Dr. StrangeSLove Or: How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Mesh** Cajsá Lilliehook has contributed a fascinating, much needed investigative study on mesh.
- **Storm Before the Calm** This disturbing but very moving poem by DonJuan Writer is both provocative and insightful.
- **Parallel Lives: The Present Days** Whoever thinks Art Blue is dead might be right, or they might not. Neruval knows.
- **Paradise Lost** SoylentDotBlue brings back to our attention the sensational production of Canary Beck, Paradise Lost.
- **Independence Day** Consuela Caldwell writes of twisting manipulations that rob her of something precious.
- **Dreamers and Strings** Cica Ghost is the focus of Hitomi Tamatzui's photographic study of two stunning art installments.
- **Warm Cotton** Lisa Launay laments about lost love but questions whether it is really lost after all.
- **Bathtub Madonna** Jullianna Juliesse finds devotion in incongruous places. Is an English muffin any stranger?

About the Cover:

We've assembled all 50 covers of *rez*, from August 2011 to the present. It's a time machine of sorts, and one we're very proud of. So many talented people have graced these pages and we're thankful. Stick around -- we're just warming up.



• r — e — z •

Dear Readers,

It's hard to believe, but this month's issue of *rez Magazine* is our 50th! In August 2011, a small group of rebels (including Flor Nachtigal (Deningungun Parte), Cat Boccaccio, Jullianna Juliesse, Blue Tsuki, and myself) conspired to create a magazine devoted to photography, fine art, music, poetry, fiction, undiluted opinions about the metaverse, and some general nonsense. We've stirred up our share of controversy over the years, but we've always been true to one concept: to speak our minds with honesty and integrity, and to share with you what we regard as the best of the virtual arts. I hope along the way, we've been able to entertain, as well.

Our blessings are many - they're in every page of every issue. Our contributors and supporters are the ones who deserve most of the credit. But you, dear readers, deserve the rest. Thank you for being loyal supporters of *rez*. Here's to 50 more!

Jami Mills, Publisher





AFTER DARK — LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue (72, 52, 2488)

Contact: Meegan Dantz
meegandantz@gmail.com
facebook.com/rhispoem

Guerilla

Congratulations rez M

award-winning dan

...and th

visit us at Roguery Co

October



Fridays at

Burlesque

Magazine on your 50th!

nce entertainment...

the occasional pasty

camp at the Burn2 Festival

17-25



Idle Rogue

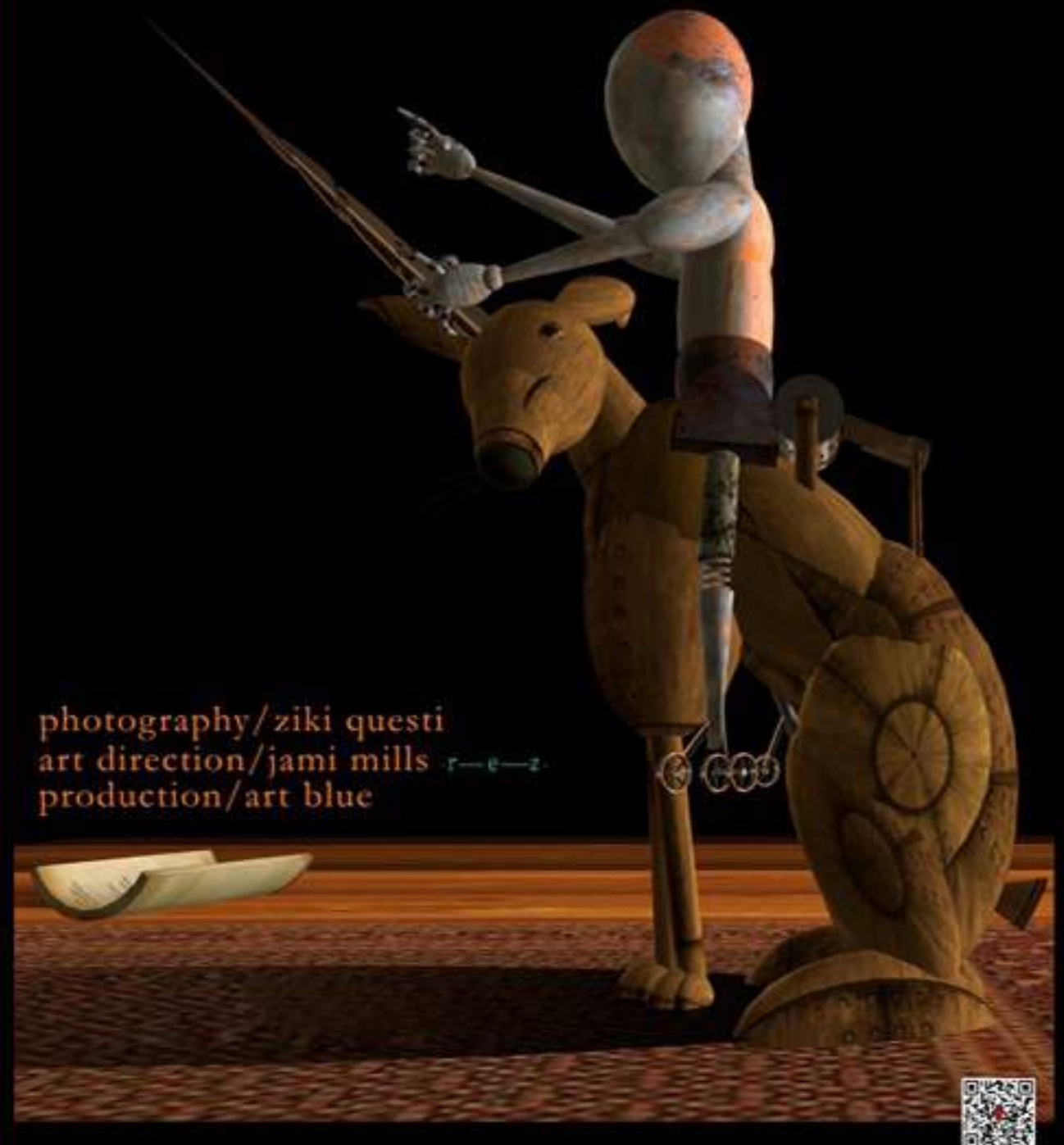
Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed

effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

“Standby is Bryn’s third and final story of her wonderful Rabbicorn trilogy, containing a number of my favorite works: Daughter of Gears, The Rabbicorn, and this, the finale, Standby. It is one of Bryn’s most heartfelt and emotional pieces.”

Jami Mills

Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



october



Standby

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

“The daughter gathered
her love undone
and combined their parts
to make them one

With wire to wire
and cables to tie
she connected the memory chip
to her own standby”





*Congratulations to
sedonajane Silverpath &
Idesine Habilis
Married October 3, 2015*

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





Wishbone On Part One: Prel

A large, smooth sand dune dominates the background, its surface showing subtle textures and shadows. The sky is a clear, vibrant blue with a few wispy white clouds. The foreground consists of a flat, sandy desert floor with some small, dry, cracked earth and sparse, low-lying desert vegetation.

e

imminaries

by Jami Mills

August 9, 2029, 1715 hours

“Jimmy, you’re sitting at the youngsters’ table today with your two cousins, and I expect you to behave yourself. No shenanigans like you pulled last Thanksgiving with the Brussels sprouts. And no stealing any biscuits! One per customer unless there’re extras. If you show some maturity, maybe you can sit at the adult table next year.”

Jimmy winced as he glanced at the card table in the corner of the dining room. “But I am an adult. I don’t wanna sit with them! They’re babies.”

“Jimmy, you’re 12 years old. You may be an adult in your mind, but you’ve still have some growin’ up to do, young man.”

The autumn leaves, that only weeks earlier were showing off their flamboyant reds and yellows, were mostly gone from their quiet, suburban town. Longmeadow, Massachusetts had put on quite a visual feast. By now, the throngs of tourists from the Florida beach shanties, who’d never seen a maple in full array in their lives, much less a resplendent mountainside full, were gone. The townspeople of Longmeadow were especially thankful for this.

“Dear Lord. We thank you for the

bounty that you have blessed us with today . . . the blessings of family, the blessings of this meal, and most of all, the blessings of your love. Thank you, heavenly father, for all that you bestow upon us on this day of thanks, and every day. Amen.”

Amid some mumbled “amens” and the joyous chatter of four generations, Grant, the patriarch, began carving the Thanksgiving bird with his usual theatricality. There was a particularly festive mood this year. Jimmy blurted out, “I get the wishbone! I get the wishbone! Julie got it last year. This time it’s my turn. And besides, I got a wish I really need to come true.”

“Okay, but you know you need to let it dry out for a few days before you pull on it, or it won’t break. You remember what happened at Aunt Edna’s house. Patience has never been your strong suit, Jimmy.”

*** *** ***

“Hello...”

“No. Try Australian.”

“ ‘ello...”

“No. Irish.”

“Hello....”

Yes! That's the one. Perfect. God, I could listen to that voice forever."

"Thank you, but we have much more work to do than just selecting my dialect. I've got to get to know you a whole lot better, but choosing a voice you find soothing is a beginning."

Soothing was not the word I would have chosen. Sultry, maybe? She spoke with this hushed, almost conspiratorial tone, as if she and I were the only two people left on earth. How fitting.

We continued on for two more hours, the AI peppering me with questions, noting every response, every reaction, every emotional nuance. Not a bad start for the first of seven sessions with Grace, who will, how shall I say, "keep me company" for God knows how long. Actually, I don't have the first clue about programming software, but I'm told Grace will do all the work for me. I just need to be truthful and she'll take it from there. So the truth is what you get. This is no time for games.

*** *** ***

Drought or no drought, this stretch of desert can't see more than an inch or two of rain a year. The parched soil, dotted with scrub brush, was all you could see for miles. The two-lane highway sliced directly through the desolation, with a hallucinatory, shimmering

heat floating over the horizon. A red-tailed hawk drew figure eights high above. Goddamn, it's hot. This is Death Valley-hot. I'd sure hate to get stuck out here. Probably couldn't last 24 hours. Looking at the digital corneal read-outs, my forearm display, and emergency beacon in the drivetrain, it seems there's always been triple redundancy in most every aspect of my life.

"Right turn in three-eighths of a mile." I knew asking her to change to an Irish accent wasn't going to get me anywhere, so I tried the next best thing.

"Change voice to Sean Connery."

"Don't be an ass and miss the right turn coming up in a quarter mile. You can handle that, can't you?"

Jimmy grinned. Now he was having fun.

He made the turn down a dirt road and traveled another mile or so to a nondescript, unmarked cattle fence. He climbed out, lifted the wire off the post, pulled the gate open, and drove through, stopping again to close it behind him. Kicking up a small dust storm behind him, he finally reached a much more formidable double chain link, barbed-wire fence blocked his path.

A sign on the gate warned: "**Property**

of the U.S. Government, Department of Homeland Security. No Trespassing. Violators Will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law.” He got out of his car and stood at the gate, not quite knowing what to do. “Present yourself at the security gate,” was all his instructions said. So he presented himself. Nothing.

“Hello....” Nothing.

“Too hot for this bullshit. Colonel James Madison, United States Air Force, Special Operations, Global Integrated Intelligence, Unit 324, reporting for duty.”

Still nothing.

Jimmy kicked the dirt. “Goddamn. What kind of gratitude is this, for someone about to give his life for his country?” Just as Jimmy pulled out his phone, the gate slowly opened.

“About Goddamn time!”

Jimmy slid into the driver’s seat and drove until the dirt road descended into an underground concrete bunker. He came to a guard house, and was greeted with a fresh, smiling face and a crisp salute.

“Welcome to COMRAD, Colonel. Right on time. They’re expecting you. Just pull over to the right and park next

to that Humvee over there and go in the main doors. Reception will direct you from there. Welcome, sir. We’re proud to have you here.”

*** *** ***

Jimmy and Rachel were celebrating their second anniversary at the same restaurant they dined at on their first date, The Clam Shell. It wasn’t the fanciest place Jimmy could have taken her. They could surely afford a more elegant experience, but Jimmy opted for something romantic, nostalgic. It was just a short walk to the pier where Jimmy first kissed her. Every detail was still vivid in his memory: her black cashmere sweater, the misty salt air, the sound of the waves, the three-legged dog that ambled by.

In fact, Jimmy had an extraordinary memory for all sorts of details. Jimmy was blessed, and cursed, with an eidetic memory, often confused with a photographic memory. Jimmy could recall with extraordinary precision, the most minute visual details after only a brief exposure. It was thought that only children had this trait, that it vanished in adulthood, perhaps crowded out by a child’s emerging verbal skills, but after countless MRIs and PET scans, Jimmy proved that theory wrong.

Rachel and Jimmy held hands as they approached the pier’s railing. She re-

leased her grip, turned to face him, a wispy smile on her face. She stood high on her tiptoes, and whispered in his ear, “I’m pregnant, Jimmy.”

*** *** ***

December 12, 2052, 0900 hours

“I’m being completely honest with you, Jimmy. I think there are other stronger candidates. Sure, you’ve got the physics background, you’re a decorated ace in the Africa Campaign, your service record is, well, exemplary. No one deserves this shot more than you. But it’s the emotional element that gives me pause. It’s only been two years since you lost Rachel. Terrible tragedy. I’ve seen that kind of trauma end many a promising career before. You’ve handled it better than most. Okay, better than anyone, but sometimes things

We all grieve differently, sir. Some people would let such a loss defeat them. They’ve got a built-in excuse to give up, and not a single person would ever blame them. I’m not wired that way, sir. I’ve thrived on adversity my entire life. I regard it as an opportunity, no matter how crushing it might appear at the time. I won’t say I wasn’t brought to my knees when I heard of the accident, but I’m a stronger man for it. I’m battle tested, sir, in ways that the other candidates just aren’t. All of them have the necessary technical qualifications for this mission, but with all due respect, sir, the best person might just be someone who has been shocked to his core, wrestled with his darkest demons, questioned his faith, and emerged with renewed purpose. That’s who I’d want to make this trip.”

“You make some good points, Colonel.

Sure you’ve got the physics background,
you’re a decorated ace in the Africa Campaign,
your service record is, well, exemplary.
No one deserves this shot more than you.

are hidden, locked away, invisible even to a professional’s eye. I’ve reviewed your psychological profile, but there’s only so much it can show. I’m worried about what I don’t see.”

As you know, it’s not my decision to make alone, and a great deal will depend on the training ahead. I’m not here to dampen your spirits, Jimmy. You’re the best we’ve got. It’s just that

everything has its tradeoffs. You know the game theorists have already identified their candidate, and even he failed three percent of the time in the Consensus Algorithm. I just don't trust the sonofabitch, though. Sometimes you need to throw out the numbers and trust your gut. That's why this has always been a human mission. We could send our AIs out there, but last time I checked, that ancient Chinese board game . . . what do you call it again ... Go?... the Korean masters still beat the best computers handily. And computers write stinking poetry. The human heart belongs on this mission, Jimmy. I'm pullin' for you. Go make it an easy decision for me, son."

General Air Force Chief of Staff Whiting stood and dismissed Jimmy with a salute. Well, that could have gone worse. He didn't say I was out. It bothers me that he thinks I might be damaged goods. Maybe I am. Maybe I am. God help us if it's true. Six trillion dollars up in smoke.

*** *** ***

He strode in purposefully and took his place at the front of the classroom, placing a clip board on the table.

"Eyes front. I'm Command Chief Master Sergeant Willowbrook and I'll be in charge of your psychological training and stress testing. You all have the

goods or you wouldn't have made it this far. This isn't a cooking show competition, ladies. By the time we're finished, you'll have suffered grievously. Some might break, and I guarantee you, every last one of you will want to give up at some time. This is not the Sisters of Mercy. I'm here to tear you down, not build you up. You want emotional support, get a friggin' dog. This isn't the 98th FTS. One or two of you might remember me as your jump-master in AM-496. That will seem like a leisurely walk in the park compared to what I have in store for you. If you think radiation is going to be your worst enemy, think again. Your worst enemy is yourself. That's who you should be most afraid of, every one of you. If you're not, you damn well should be."

Central Casting couldn't have sent a sterner looking officer. Willowbrook was all business. He stood ramrod straight. A starched short sleeved shirt showed off his hard, if not bulging, biceps. He had to go through his own selection process to get this gig, so I knew he was the best. I had no illusions about what exquisite torture awaited me. Comes with the territory.

"Initially, you'll be broken up into four groups of two. Group One: Mankowitz and Channing. Group Two: Waldring and Haskell. Group Three, Gonzalez and Washington. Group Four, Madison

and ... how the hell do you pronounce this, K..R..Z..Y..Z..E..W..S..K..I??"

"Krzyzewski, sir."

*** *** ***

February 2, 2053, 1100 hours

"The House Subcommittee on Space is now brought to order. We are here today to consider the Budget Proposal for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for fiscal year 2050." With that, Chairman Walters from Maryland's 142nd pounded the gavel.

"We are here for deliberations and a final committee vote before this year's budget is considered by the whole House. Please call the roll."

It didn't take long to call the fifteen names: eight Republicans, seven Democrats. For the past 17 years, budget allocations for the manned exploration of Mars had been raucously debated and voted down each and every time - - no matter which party controlled Congress and no matter which party was in the White House. If it were ever going to happen, this might just be the year. Recently developed fusion impulse technology had trimmed the cost of the mission by one-third. The new generation of Kingston rockets didn't hurt either. But it wasn't always just budget considera-

tions that killed the Mars mission each year. A consensus was elusive about just what the benefits of a manned mission were in the first place.

"NASA is requesting a budget for fiscal year 2052 of \$15 Trillion, with a "T". Of that, \$6 Trillion is for yearly operations, \$2 Trillion for research and development, \$6 Trillion for the Wishbone Project, and \$1 Trillion for miscellaneous expenses identified in Appendix 22-M. Debate is strictly limited to three minutes per member. Congresswoman Adamski, you have the floor."

"Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I cede my time to the Congressman Billet from California."

"Noted. Congressman Williams?"

"Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I cede my time to Congressman Cushing from the great state of Mississippi."

By the time Walters was finished, six Democratic Committee members had ceded their time to Congressman Billet, a vocal proponent of the Mars mission, and seven Republican members had ceded their time to Congressman Cushing, who was equally passionate in his opposition.

"Mr. Cushing, you have the floor first. Please limit your remarks to 24

minutes.”

To people in the scientific community, it was disgusting to watch the Mars mission become such a political football. If it's worth placing a human on Mars, if it's worth making such a noble effort, one so uplifting to humankind, how can it be that all Committee Republicans are against the mission, and all Committee Democrats favor it? Easy. Money.

17 years ago, the price tag was \$5 Trillion for the entire mission. Today, it's \$17 Trillion. Some speculate that cost overruns could take it as high as \$30 Trillion. Let me tell you, \$30 Trillion would feed, house, and educate a lot of people.

“Thank you, Madam Chairwoman.” Cushing proceeded to trot out his now familiar speech about small government and low taxes, citing NASA failures and bloated government contracts. As he neared the end of his time, his voice rose in anger.

“We've debated this budget, debated it, and debated it, and we always come back to the one simple fact that cannot be ignored. We can't afford it! Are we willing to leave our children and grandchildren a legacy of crushing debt for such a dangerous and risky venture? And for what? So one human being can make a giant leap for mankind? It's

lunacy! I ask you to consider the distinct possibility of mission failure. Where would that leave us? An unimaginable catastrophe for our national prestige, and a crippling blow to our economy. I won't have my name associated with the short end of a wishbone. I urge a Nay vote on this budget.”

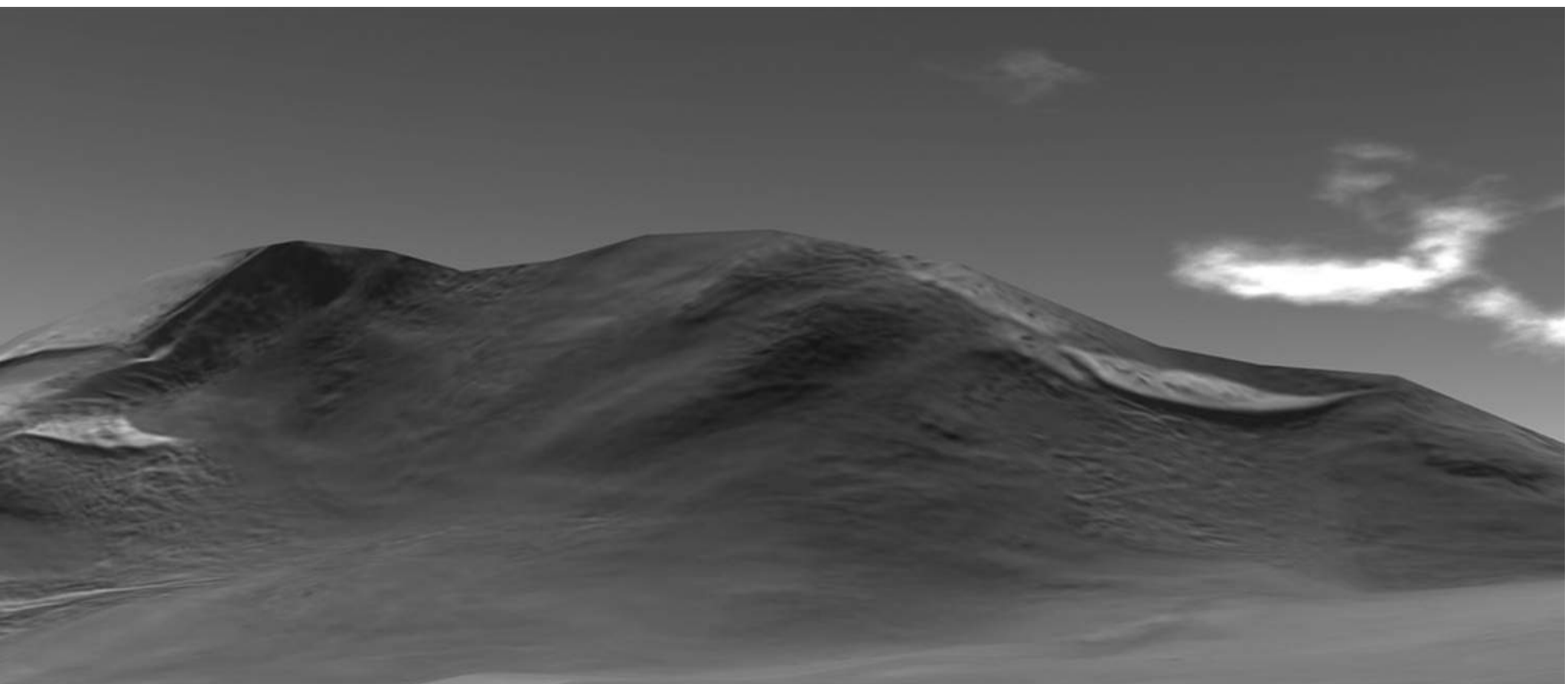
Walters quieted the gallery with two strikes of her gavel. “Mr. Billet. You have the floor.”

“Thank you, Madam Chairwoman. I thank my colleagues for generously allowing me their time so that I may counter my esteemed colleague, Mr. Cushing's, fear and demagoguery. But I will not require all this time, for the differences in our views are quite stark.

“Mr. Cushing says we can't afford to land a human on Mars. I say we can't afford not to. Let's look at the most expensive American undertakings of the last 150 years. If Mr. Cushing had his way, we'd never have built our railroad system, there'd be no hydroelectric dams, no interstate highway system. The Great Solar Array would never have been built. Cold fusion might never have been discovered because the Columbia Collider wouldn't have been funded. But they were and each of these projects has allowed Americans to lay claim to the most innovative, daring, and audacious people in the world.

"There are six trillionaires in the world today, a figure inconceivable just 10 years ago. If the hundred wealthiest people today each contributed five percent of their net worth, we'd have our budget funded and then some. If we could unite as a country to finance World War III, surely we can call upon those who have benefitted most from

terious red planet. We need flesh and blood. We need to say we did it! No guts, no glory, Mr. Cushing. And I, on the other hand, would be honored to have my name plastered on the side of Wishbone. "Jack Billet helped make this mission possible." Dream big, ladies and gentlemen. It's within our grasp. I urge a Yea vote on this budget."



the largesse of this great country to shoulder more of the burden of a manned mission to Mars.

"Ladies and gentlemen. From the dawn of time, humans have strived for something greater than themselves, looked for meaning in what often seems a senseless universe. We yearn to escape the bounds of our atmosphere. Sending drones and AIs to Mars would be safe, cost-effective, and utterly devoid of any spiritual value. We need the human heart to beat on this mys-

The gallery erupted in cheers and applause. Bang! Bang! "Order please. Order!" Bang! Such a genuine outpouring of emotion, but nothing like the wild cheers that broke out when Congresswoman Sanchez, Republican from Arizona's 215th District, cast the deciding Yea vote. With Committee approval, the full Congress was almost certain to send this to President Timmons' desk for a joyous signing ceremony.

· r — e — z ·

photography

jami mills



Of Clouds



An exhibit of new images from
paula cloudpainter

Watercolor sketches, oils, pastels and a new medium to explore...

drawings on the iPad... some of which are featured in the

Adobe Sketch showcase and used in online ads for their sketch program.

and Notes



Saturday ■ October 17 ■ 1 to 5 p.m. slt

Whinlatter / Visions of Beauty Art Complex

MUSIC TO DANCE BY

DeceptionsDigital 1 p.m. slt

DJ Zeddash 2 p.m.

VooDoo Shilton 3 p.m.

DJ Zeddash 4 p.m.

Flying Monkeys

by Mariner Trilling



Sometimes I'm walking down
the yellow brick road of life
and everything's going fine.
The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day,
Then I look up into the clear blue sky and see hundreds
of flying monkeys heading my way.
These aren't cute little squirrel monkeys
or funny chimps that do tricks.
No, these are big ugly flying apes sent by some bitch,
uh, witch out West.

They just want to screw up my life.
They want to see that I get no rest.
They show up at the worst possible times
like I am being interviewed for a great new job.
The guy likes my resume.
Then here come the flying monkeys.
They burst into his office, start trashing the place,
jumping on furniture, throwing papers on the floor.
The guy hands back my resume and says, "you're not
what we're looking for."

Those damned flying monkeys.

I'm on a dinner date with a beautiful girl
I think she really likes me.

We're eating, we're laughing, we're talking,
we're having fun
then holy crap, here they come.
Flying monkeys swarm from the sky.
They're pulling her hair.
They're eating her fettucine with their furry paws.
One of them's throwing poo!
My date shrieks and flees shouting,
"Don't call me again. I don't ever want to see you."

Those damned flying monkeys.

If I had my old shotgun, I could take out three or four.
But there would still be hundreds more
and bloody monkey guts all over the floor.

If they didn't exist, if they weren't real
I could live a life of ease.
But you just can't have a yellow brick road
without some flying monkeys.

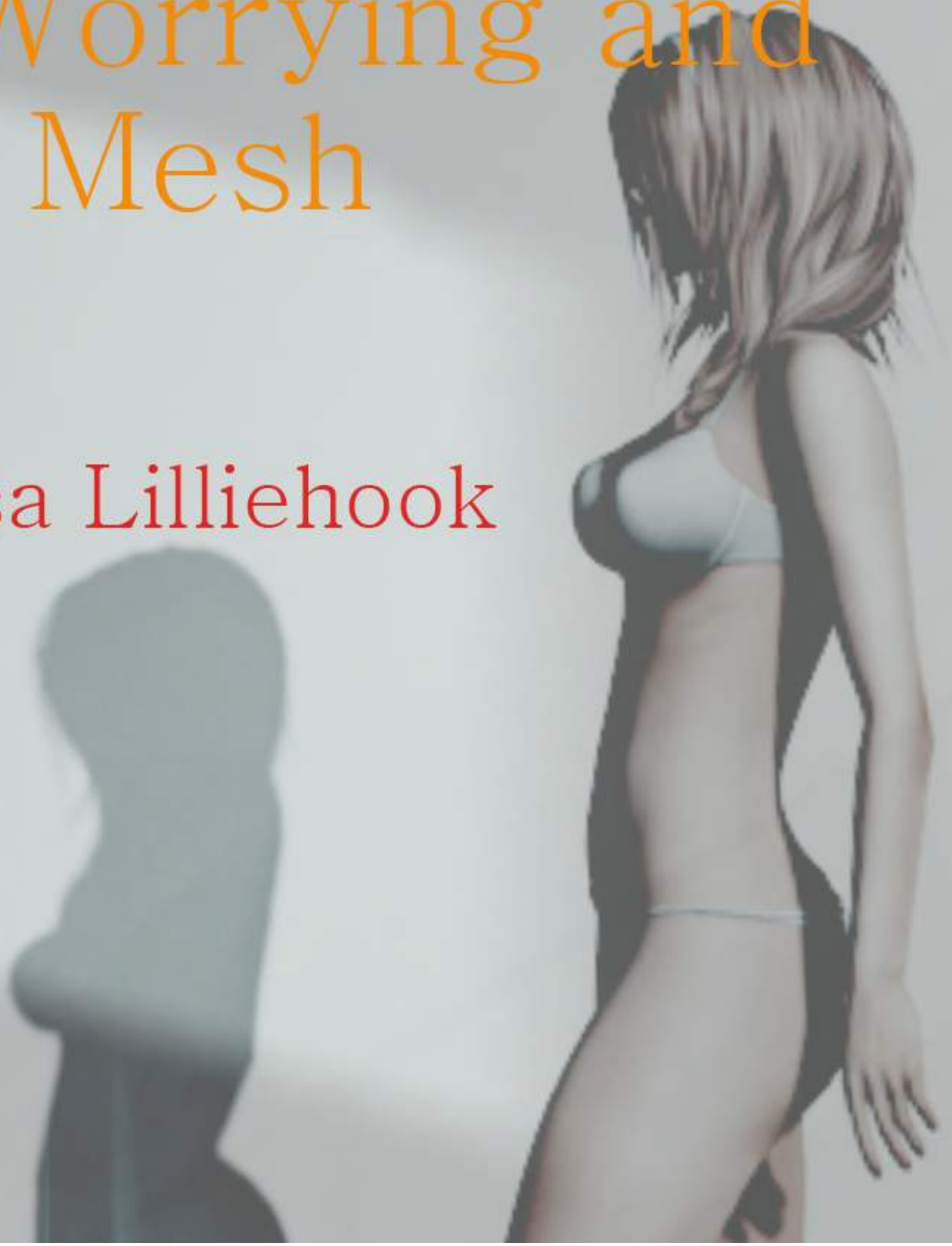
Dr. StrangeSLo Learned to Stop Love th

by C



ve Or: How I o Worrying and ne Mesh

Cajsa Lilliehook



Every resident of Second Life® is well aware of the flaws in the default avatar. The awkwardly sharp knees and elbows that should be registered as deadly weapons, the tetrahedron noses and platypus feet have been the despair of many. There are hundreds of PhotoShop® users who owe their advanced skills to the flaws and foibles of the avatar.

Ancient History

Necessity was the mother of early Second Life invention. Creators developed strong texturing skills to deal with these flaws. They would draw smaller and larger patterns on textures to compensate for stretching over avatar breasts. They would add highlights and shimmer to skins to direct attention from flaws. They would assemble montages of sculpts to give form where there was no form. But they knew the real solution was not their cobbled together ad hoc accommodations, but changing to a superior 3D rendering form - - mesh.

First, let us be clear. The default avatar is also mesh, just less-detailed mesh. Anyone who declares they will never wear mesh should just log out, because even Ruth (the default loading avatar) was mesh. The name Ruth means compassion, by the way, so why the default avatar was named that is confounding, as the appearance of Ruth often makes

people feel ruthless.

However, when people talk about mesh in Second Life, they are talking about mesh imported from 3D modeling programs like Blender, Maya or other similar software. In the past, people uploaded textures that were placed on the default mesh avatar or on prims, but now they are importing actual meshes that are then placed on prims to create 3D pieces that can be attached or rigged to the bones in the avatar's skeleton.

The Mesh Revolution

When mesh came to the grid in 2011, a few people understood its full potential, but most were mesmerized by the little things, skirts that did not fall through chairs, hair that rested on and over the shoulders, and three-dimensional buttons instead of those simply drawn on the clothing. The level of detail was astonishing and after a short transition period while the learning curve was being traversed, there was an explosion of creativity.

Since then, mesh has taken over Second Life and nowhere more completely than the SL avatar. From mesh clothing, there followed mesh eyes, tears, breasts, feet, derrieres, mouths, hands, bodies, and heads. The only part of the body not made in mesh is soul, and that is probably in develop-

ment.

So what is mesh? It is a 3D model, created outside Second Life, and imported into SL. It has a higher level of detail and complexity and yet has less land impact than traditional prims. For example, a simple chair might require six prims, but made in mesh, it might have only a one prim land impact. This has been a boon for home decorating and sim design, but it is also a great advantage in clothing. After all, a nice pair of shoes could be 180 prims, but made in mesh might use only 5 or 6 in land impact. Another advantage of mesh clothing is that it need not be symmetrical. Since asymmetry is all the rage in fashion, that is a wonderful change.

The Snowflake Resistance

There is resistance, though, to the spread of mesh across the grid. We are, after all, our avatars, and identify closely with their unique characteristics. Mesh, at least at the beginning, would not shrink and grow when we moved our sliders. Rather than the clothing resizing to fit us, we had to resize to fit the clothing. To simplify, a group of leading designers surveyed customers and developed five standard sizes so that customers could have some assurance that items would fit and designers could have guidance in sizing their designs. The Standard Sizing kit is available for free on the Marketplace.



Of course, this was controversial. What about those whose shape did not fall within the standard? For a short time, it was a matter of adjusting your shape or not wearing mesh. Some people put their hopes on the Mesh Deformer project, but without Linden Lab support, it was not to be. A few creators, most notably Red Poly, discovered that by rigging to the volume bones, clothing could be resized to fit most shapes. This was more or less a user hack to get around the inadequacies of mesh, but it soon became official when Linden Lab added more collision bones to the standard avatar skeleton and introduced fitted mesh. While most designers still release in the standard sizes, many are adding a fit mesh option and a few are releasing with only fit mesh.

Fit mesh works really well most of the time and is the best solution for people whose shape is nonstandard. However, if a piece of clothing does not fit with fit mesh, changing your shape will not make it fit. The problem will just move along with the sliders. With standard sizing, a fit issue can usually be fixed with a small shape adjustment.

And yes, even with standard sizing there still are fit issues. This is why shoppers should always try a demo first. If you find you are often adjusting for one specific brand, consider making a copy of your shape and fitting it to that particular brand and labeling it Brand X Shape. Most of the time, these are miniscule adjustments that do not change your avatar's appearance, but will keep your legs or your arms or shoulder blades inside the mesh.

Why do you need to fine tune your shape when the alpha makes everything inside the clothing disappear? Well, most of the time, the alpha does not go to the very edge of the clothing as that would create an unsightly alpha gap from anything but a straight angle. You want the clothing to lie against the body, not levitating a short distance from it. Little adjustments are normal for a nice, close to the skin fit.

Body Modification

Mesh is much more than just clothing now. Without searching Marketplace for upload dates, it cannot be proven that the first mesh body parts were genitalia, but who would be willing to take a bet against it? But soon, other parts of the body received their due.

Add, Don't Wear

The avatar can wear textures on three layers, the tattoo, underwear and clothing layers. Clothing and tattoos can be stacked on a single layer. You can wear up 60 layers and 38 attachments on your avatar. You also can adjust the order of the layers you are wearing by clicking the wrench in the Appearance menu and moving layers up or down.

Some graphic formats have a channel for transparency called the alpha channel. In Second Life, alpha textures are worn on the system layer to make parts of the avatar invisible. Simply double clicking one alpha texture to wear it will make it displace the alpha you are already wearing, so always right-click and choose add when wearing multiple alpha textures.

Given that the default attachment point for mesh clothing is the hand and many designers do not change it, you should just always "add" your clothing instead of clicking to wear. This will let you wear multiple items even on the same layer and end the annoying likelihood that putting on your shoes will remove your dress.

Hair designers quickly came out with long hair styles that rested on the shoulders and flowed down the torso, skimming the breasts and the entire

breathing. Our triangulated breasts were replaced by Lolas and Tangos with rounded breasts, large rounded breasts. Many women had the Lola or Tango

Given that the default attachment point for mesh clothing is the hand and many designers do not change it, you should always just “add” your clothing instead of clicking to wear.

population of Second Life swooned. Of course, like clothing, it did not conform to the individual shape, so designers soon began releasing multiple sizes of their long hair for smaller or larger breasts. There was a grid-wide competition for the most amusing name for the boobmongous hair style. (Not really.)

Next, there were mesh eyes, more detailed and sharper than system eyes. Because they are rigged to bones, they move like system eyes. This also allowed for heterochromia (having eyes of different colors). About 0.67% of the world's population has heterochromia, but it is far more common in Second Life.

Mesh also became a solution for all those awkward body parts. Nyam Nyam and PXL Creations produced mouths so we could smile, flash our grills and enjoy some light mouth-

breast enhancement surgery, and there was an epidemic of macromastia or abnormally large breasts. A similar epidemic followed with the release of the Phat Azz and the Ghetto Booty. Women were seeking the most callipygian (bootylicious, bumtastic, rumpalicious) derriere, but often overdid it and suffered from steatopygia (excessively large butts). Sir Mixalot would love it.

There are even mesh brains! Just take a peek inside Anya Ohmai's hair she released at Hair Fair 2015. Ohmai! hair is now the fast track to being the smartest avatar on the grid.

Farewell to the Flippers

Shoemakers also made mesh feet, though this was not new ground as many shoemakers had also made sculpted feet to compensate for the cankle-ridden flippers of ugliness that call themselves feet in the default

avatar. Tinting skin was the hobgoblin of our existence as we all tried to match our feet and skin and struggled with adapting to the multiplicity of texture-change puzzle huds that designers conjured up for us to solve. The most exciting were the huds that blocked the view of the feet while you threw darts at the color chart. It was the wildest game on the grid.

A few designers tried to address this problem using two different options. At Gos and N-Core, Gospel Voom and Nuria Augapful developed databases of the RGB values of myriads of skins access via a HUD that then applied that tint to the feet. At Slink, Siddean Munro developed feet and then released a developer's kit so skimmers could make appliers to apply their skins to the feet. She also released a developer's kit for shoemakers so anyone could make shoes for her feet. While both methods worked well, the Slink developer's kit

rushed to make appliers for them as well. A developer's kit for mani/pedis was released and another new industry was born. While other designers also made hands, the ubiquity of slink appliers by nearly all skin makers made them the standard.

It is worth mentioning how, by providing free developer's kits to produce manicures and shoes for the hands and feet, Siddean Munro started two new business avenues for other creators and launched a small economic boom for other designers, demonstrating again that synergy trumps monopoly time after time.

As Belleza and Maitreya released their bodies with feet, many shoemakers now release 3 or 4 copies of each pair of shoes, a default, plus one for Slink, Belleza and Maitreya. If one is left out, it will most likely be the default, so mesh feet are here to stay.

Floating on Air

If you are hovering or sinking in the ground, stop before you immediately adjust your Hover setting on your shape and first double check that you are wearing the foot shaper for that particular pair of shoes. They vary and will make all the difference.

kickstarted a proliferation of shoe-making and nearly all shoemakers make for Slink feet now.

Slink also made hands, and skimmers

The Head Spins and the Mind Reels

Mesh heads are the most controversial of the various mesh body modifica-

tions. The main critique is that “everyone looks alike” and that was certainly valid of the early mesh heads that did not allow for third party skins and makeups. We have an innate need to individuate, to howl at the moon and assert, “I am me, I am singular and unique.” It is hard to feel unique when you share your face with a thousand others.

In late 2012, Shirousagi Noel of Snow Rabbit electrified fashionistas with a video of her mesh head in production. She had found a way to animate the head, giving it naturalistic facial expressions. Explaining her method to Iris Ophelia at “New World Notes,” Noel said, “There are many parts of SL

mesh that are unknown. The main problem is a matter of OpenGL in SL. It looks white, not transparent, and transparent objects overlap. By changing the transparency of the object, I'm moving the expression of the avatar. However, if it is performed normally, the problem occurs at the moment of transparency overlap. So, I thought most of the base object is opaque as ever.” This insight was revolutionary in allowing facial animations in mesh. When Snow Rabbit's Nea was released at Skin Fair 2013, there was a stampede, even though it could only be used with Snow Rabbit skin, and the head was quite youthful. Still, facial expressions that were natural and realistic was irresistible for many.



Logo was a strong and early contender in the mesh head industry. Logo is owned by Maximillion Grant and Polly Pavlova, who have ten years of experience in SL, having owned The Body Politik, and before that, By Max and Skin Deep.

Late in 2012, Logo released their first mesh head named Chloe; then along came Sadie. While expressive and well-liked for their expressiveness, they did not allow third party skins. Their newest release, Alex, is compatible with the Omega system of applicators, so now third party skins are available for the Alex head and soon, their other heads will be updated to allow third-party skins as well. This will allow them to expand rapidly as many people prefer using specific skins and do not want to be limited to the creator's skin line. Their heads can be worn with the default avatar or with mesh bodies.

Logo has focused heavily on making expressive avatars. The newest, Alex, has 12 default expression options, plus two add-on packs of 12 options. As options can be used together, that gives users a mind-reeling nearly 1,300 facial expressions. This could spell the end of the "resting bitch face" that is the hallmark of Second Life fashion photography.

Despite the expressiveness of these early heads, mesh heads did not be-



photos of vendor ads provide

INFORMATION

FEATURES A SEAMLESS COMBINATION SKIN AND MESH HEAD
HEAD TEXTURES 4 TIMES THE RESOLUTION OF ANY OTHER SKIN
DETAILED MESH PROVIDES REALISM NOT POSSIBLE WITH STANDARD AVATAR
REALISTIC FACIAL EXPRESSIONS
HUD CONTROLLED MAKEUP & EXPRESSIONS FOR INSTANT SWITCHING
WORKS WITH ALL YOUR EXISTING CLOTHING

INCLUDES:

5 SKIN TONES
16 LIPSTICKS
16 EYESHADOWS
6 EYEBROW COLORS
4 BLUSH OPTIONS
16 EYE COLORS
5 NOSE SHADING VARIATIONS
7 STYLES OF EYELASHES
12 EYE EXPRESSIONS
12 MOUTH EXPRESSIONS
VARIETY OF BODY SHAPES
REMOVABLE EARS
3 STOMACH STYLES
3 BREAST SHADING STYLES
10 OTHER BODY OPTIONS
DRAG AND DROP ADD-ONS



ALEX
HYBRID MESH AVATAR

come commonplace, in large part because most head makers did not allow people to wear third-party skins. People do not want to look like everyone else, and with only one family of skins to choose from, there were no realistic options to individuate one's mesh head.

In 2014, Siddean Munro of Slink released her Visage heads, and in 2015, JadenArt Resident of Lelutka released a family of mesh heads. Working with third-party skin makers in advance of their release, both Slink and Lelutka heads were released in conjunction with third-party options from day one. Palen even collaborated with Aida Ewing of Glam Affair, making Glam Affair skins the default skin in the Lelutka head. While the Slink Visage includes a variety of facial expressions, the Lelutka mesh head only allows users to select open or closed eyes and open or closed mouths. The amount of control, though, of how light or dark the makeup applications and the degree of shininess give users tremendous ability to get the exact look they want.



ALEX
EXPRESSIONS ADD-ON



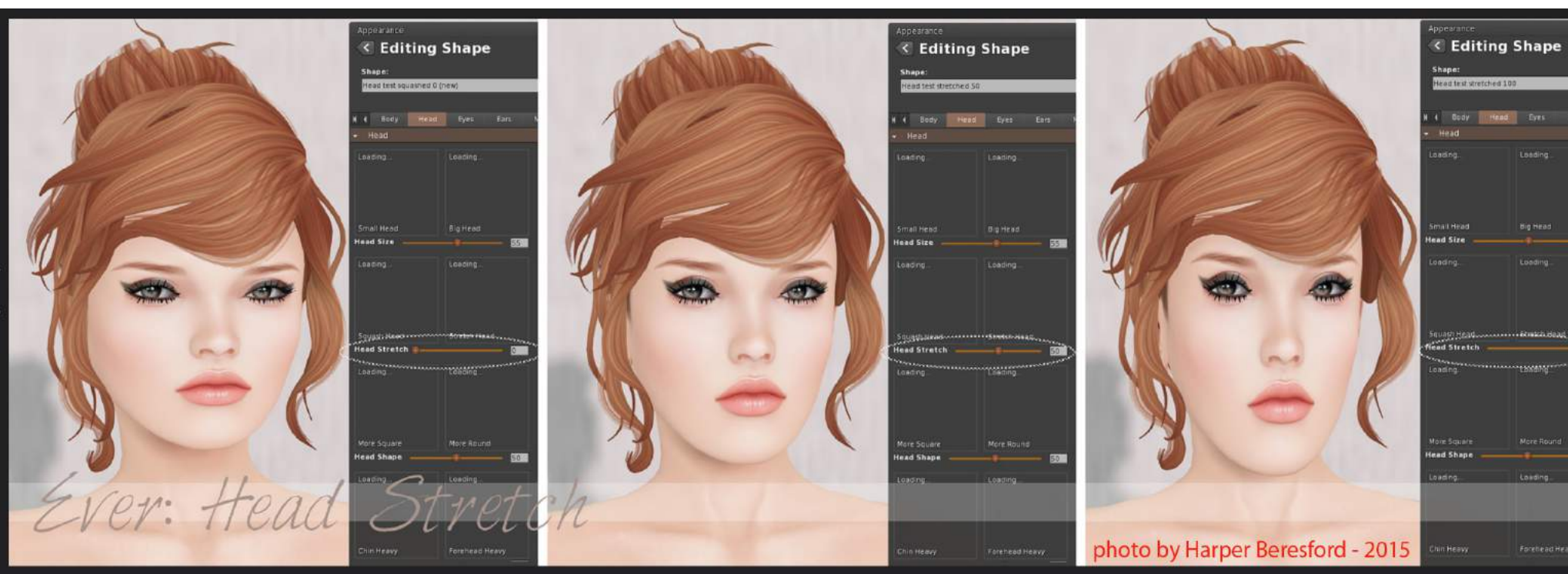
ALEX
EXPRESSIONS ADD-ON

Even better, Lelutka heads were rigged to a few bones in the skeleton that allowed users to alter the width and length of the face and eye depth. Now, people could wear a mesh head and still be able to personalize it. In this photo by Harper Beresford, you can see how the Lelutka Ever mesh head can

look very different with just a few slider adjustments. The skeleton does not have many bones in the head that creators can rig their mesh to, so width, length and eye depth are the only adjustments possible. That will not change unless Linden Lab releases a completely new skeleton, something very unlikely since their focus is on producing full mesh avatars in Sansar, the Second Life 2.0. Lelutka mesh heads will add emotion expressions in the near future.

Move Your (Mesh) Body

What with eyes, hands, heads, feet, and hair, as well as lips, breasts, and derrieres, of course the logical step was a mesh body. It is a good thing that infinite copies of items can be sold, because I doubt anyone would have been able to estimate the enthusiasm with which people adopted mesh bodies. Of course, anyone who has spent time smoothing an elbow bent like a coat hanger, and knees that looked like they



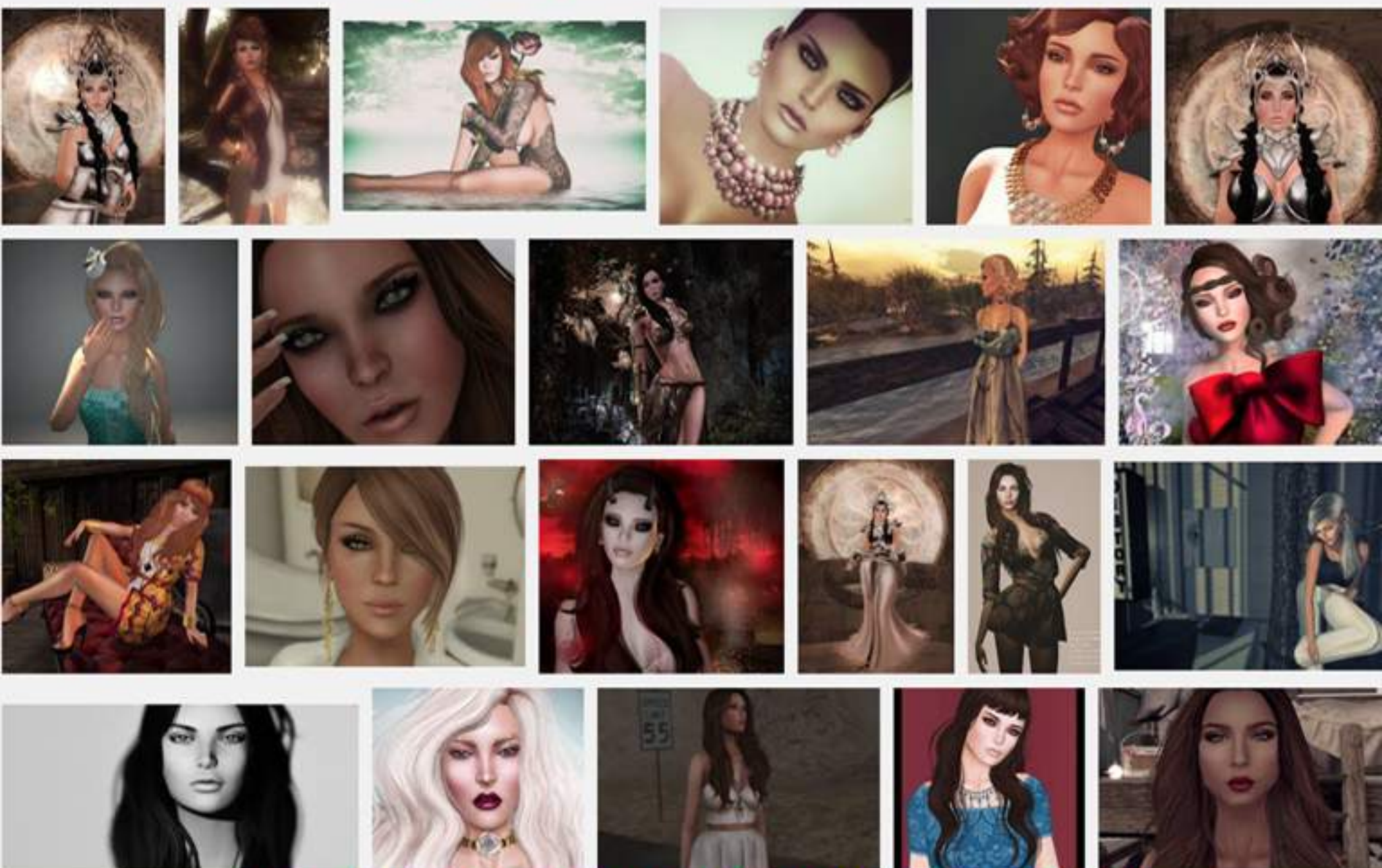
Of course, the debate continues with some claiming that all mesh heads look alike and others demonstrating that even the same head looks very different with different skins and makeups, not to mention adjusting the width and length. The differences are small, but cumulative as anyone can verify with a quick Google® image search.

could stab someone, would understand the immediate appeal of smooth knees, elbows, and shoulders. The Flickr® streams of Second Lifers were awash in nudes or very scantily clad full body shots that emphasized bent elbows, raised knees, and heads tilted to reveal a smooth, non-triangulated shoulder.

The mesh body market has been more volatile than most, and a few popular



Google Image Search for Slink Visage



Google Image Search for Lelutka Karin mesh heads

body makers have closed up shop thanks to DMCA filings that they chose not to counter, not wanting to reveal personal information to the filers whom they assumed were doing it to harass them. At the moment, there are four brands that dominate the market, Belleza, Maitreya, The Mesh Project, and Slink. Even though the Slink competitors come with hands and feet, they were designed to be compatible with Slink hands and feet, as most people have dozens or more shoes and nail appliers in their inventories that were made for Slink before the competition entered the market.

Siddean Munro was the first of these four to release. Her Slink Physique addressed the dilemma of wearing clothes over a mesh body by using a HUD that activated several alpha layers in the mesh body, making portions of the body transparent so they did not go through the clothing. The latest Physique update also includes a Large Print HUD, making it easier for users who get tired of squinting at 4-pt. type.

The Mesh Project released their completely new system with a completely new system of merchandising as well. Shoppers go to a white space and receive a shopping HUD. They purchase credit for store purchases and navigate their way through a selection of options to customize their mesh body and head. To be a Featured Designer for

The Mesh Project, designers have to agree to exclusivity, creating a balkanized system that does not serve consumers well.



Tricky Boucher released Belleza's mesh body, Venus, to wide acclaim for the innovations included in the body. While Belleza's skins were built right into the body, people could wear third

party skins if the skinner made an applier. What people fell in love with was the built-in hands and feet with HUD-driven hand and foot positions. While people could still use their slink hands and feet if they chose so their slink-specific items still were usable, they could, with newer items, use the built-in hands and feet and not have to bother with removing and re-tinting a hand to change its position for a pose. Belleza has also introduced Isis and Freya, two bodies with slightly different body shapes. Isis has a slightly curvier butt and perkier breasts and Freya is a voluptuous Valkyrie. Their most recent update includes a listening script that lets clothing designers tell exactly what alpha cuts need to be selected, so customers can be excused from the challenge of clicking on the alphas for the wee, tiny slices around the arms and then clicking them back off, and then on, and then off because they are so tiny.

Onyx Leshelle of Maitreya was the last to release a mesh body, but she quickly conquered the market with her Lara Body. It comes with hands and feet and is also compatible with Slink hands and feet, so those wild manicures purchased over a year ago are still usable. Her HUD allows you to click on groups of alpha slices as well as individual ones which makes selecting fast. She also has a listener script so that designers can automate the alpha process for you. In-



terestingly, customers can use the Auto Hide method themselves. There is an excellent article explaining the process by Whimsical at Scallivanting, though why folks would do this instead of clicking on the HUD is unclear. The great bonus is when designers add the Auto Hide function to their clothing so users do not have to do any of the work.

The real differences in the mesh bodies, though, are in the curves and angles of the body. What people love is determined by their personal preferences and what they think will be attractive to the opposite sex. For that, science has the answer. According to the latest research, men really do not care as much as they think about the size of the bottom, but more about the angle of the lower spine curved from the back to the buttocks. The optimum curve is 45.5° and since all of these innate preferences go back to an extinct lifestyle, it is all about being better able to forage for grub. Once again, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach - even when it comes to the booty.

Everything Old is New Again

Since mesh was brought into the SL platform, old school designers have had to learn how to do mesh or see their customer base shrink. Some began to work on texturing full-perm mesh templates released for sale by

mesh creators. Some hired mesh makers to make custom meshes for them to retexture. Some closed up shop, discouraged that their skills had become out of date.

Mesh, however, could not completely displace system clothing. People wanted to be able to layer more easily, to put on a blouse under that snug jacket and not have it poke through. They wanted to wear lingerie under their clothing to foil the wandering up-skirter. They wanted skin-tight tees to be skin tight. And so, clothing appliers arrived, allowing people to apply clothing textures to their mesh bodies and mesh parts. Using developer kits from the body makers, appliers draw on the same skill set as system clothing, bring the fashion circle back around again.

This leads to inventory overload where a complete set of bra and panties could contain a tattoo, underwear, and clothing layer for the panties, a tattoo, underwear, clothing, and jacket layer for the top, an applier for Lolas/Tangos and Phat Azz, and an applier for Slink, Belleza, and Maitreya or a combination of those. You can save the original package and delete all but the ones that you will actually use.

The Alpha and the Omega

Applier proliferation is a serious threat to inventory management. Clothing,

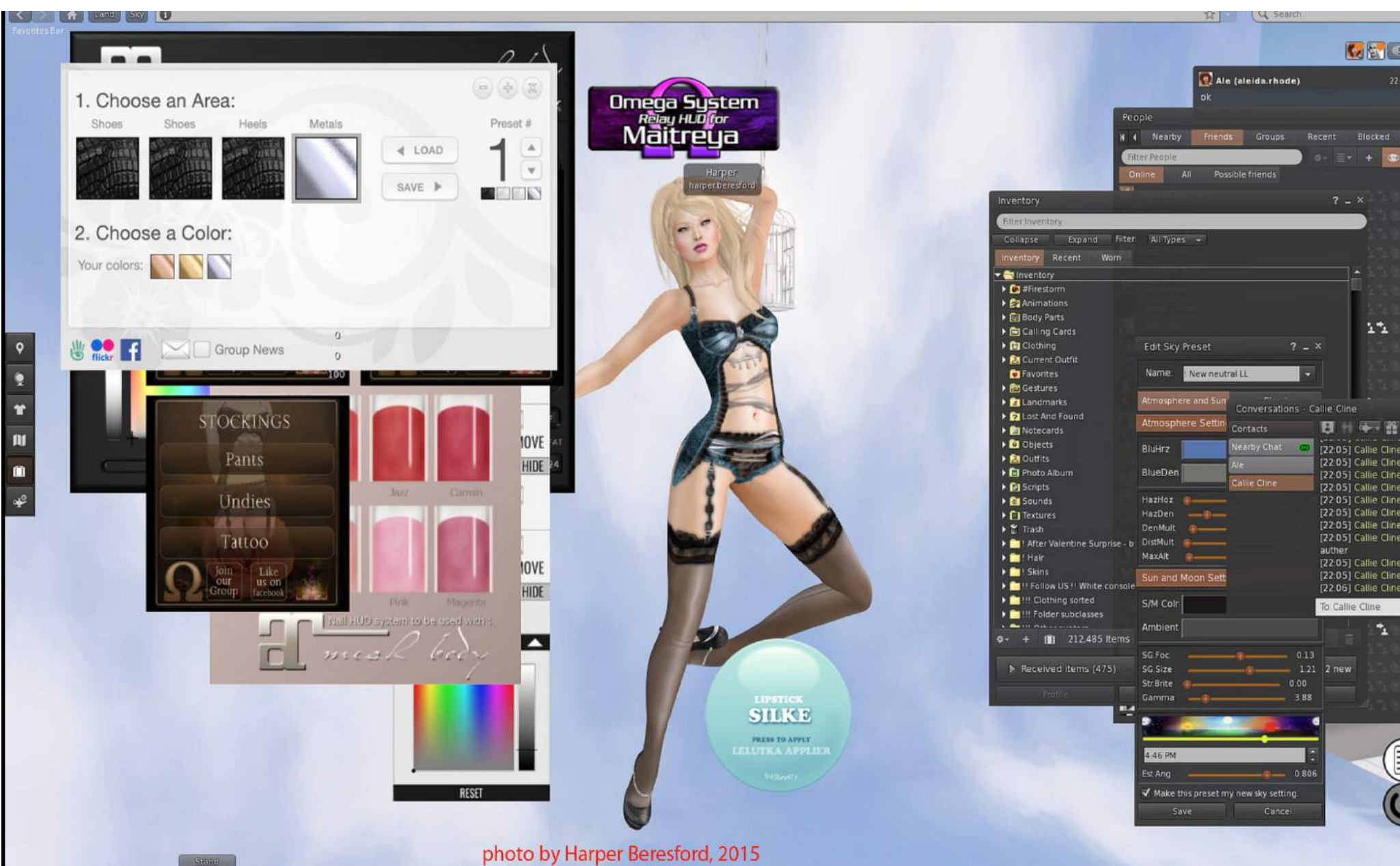
skins, and makeup are being released with a Slink applier, a Belleza Applier, and a Maitreya applier. However, Chellynne Bailey of Omega Applier Systems has come out with an almost universal applier system. Right now, it works with more than 20 mesh avatar and body systems, including Maitreya and Belleza. In fact, the list of mesh systems it supports is mind-boggling. <http://lovenlustdesigns.blogspot.com/p/supported-meshes.html>

The more the Omega system is used, the easier it will be for consumers. It is a serious effort to end the balkanization of fashion creation, and with the system applier only costing 99 Lindens™, it is an inexpensive solution as well. If that is too much, you can

join their group and purchase the appliers for 1 to 3 Lindens.

Some Tips

- If your head is incredibly and weirdly shiny, turn off “enable rendering of screen space reflections.”
- If you see weird shadows all over your body, make sure you have “hardware skinning” turned on.
- If your HUD is not applying, make sure you are in a region that allows scripts. Sometimes you might need to take it off and put it on, kind of like restarting a PC when it quits working for no reason at all.
- If you layer applied clothing, such as a tattoo on the tattoo layer and stockings on the pants layer, sometimes one will



not show up because the Open GL system that renders alphas is not sure which is which. Turning the layers on and off can often fix it. Also, you can

and end the confusion.

- Check out all the miscellaneous HUDs that come in your pack; they are



apply something to the underwear layer in between and use Mask Mode in the Maitreya Lara HUD and the Slink Visage HUD to mask that middle layer

there for a reason. For example, to tint your hairbase, Lelutka includes a Hairbase HUD.

- Join the Mesh Body Addicts in-world group where help is just a group chat away.

Physique will not have the same body as someone else wearing the Slink Physique, the same is true of the other mesh bodies. You can shift your sliders

back and forth and have small pert bosoms or large and pendulous ones. Likewise, you can change your mesh head shape to make it wider or longer. Then you can apply any of dozens of skins. Even better, you can mix and match, putting on skin from one applier, lipstick from another, and eye shadow from another. You can use Lelutka Stella appliers on Lelutka Karin heads. Some stores produce makeup appliers as well, so you have them to play with. Then you can use the mesh head's own HUD to controls the saturation and shine on those makeups. If your favorite skinner has made an applier for another brand, not yours, you can often use an Omega applier to translate its instructions. The key to individuating your mesh is to draw outside the lines by mixing and matching makeups from different brands. So, once again, as with everything in Second Life, your world, your

imagination.



You Can Be a Special Snowflake

The mesh bodies will conform to your shape, so you wearing the Slink

. r — e — z .

Store

Product

Creator

Marketplace

Aeros

Complete Avatar
(Men)

Pi Rain

[https://
second
stores.com/](https://secondstores.com/)

Altamura

Complete Avatar
(Female)

Rumegusc Altamura

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Belleza

Body

Tricky Boucher

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Cathode Rays

Mouth

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Catwa

Head

Catwa Clip

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Cute Bytes

ToddleeDoo
Avatar (child)

Bit McMillan

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Fiore

Head

Sanya Bilavio

Genesis Lab

Head/Body

GenesisLab

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Labyrinth

Head

Labyrinth Starchild

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Lelutka

Head

JadenArt Resident

Logo

Head

Maximillion Grant and
Polly Pavlova

[https://
second
store.com/](https://secondstore.com/)

Marketplace

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/80620>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/109769>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/127515>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/156340>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/29673>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/26822>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/162916>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/143652>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/1246>

SLURL

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Aeros%20Island/83/50/22>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Pilatus/97/190/2501>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Belleza/128/63/26>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Moonspell/239/222/1101>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Catwa%20Clip/144/114/24>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/HullaBaloo/127/172/30>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Eila/137/124/3201>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Tahuna%20Bay/104/84/2001>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/PaTaTa/53/191/1018>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/LeLutka/128/127/26>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Eventide%20Far%20East/147/120/27>

Blog/Flickr

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/132655555@N05>

<http://www.bellezaskins.com/>

<http://www.catwa-clip.com/>

<http://be-toddledoo.blogspot.com>

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/44396698@N03/>

<https://www.flickr.com/groups/genesislabs/members/>

<http://lelutka.com/blog/>

Store	Product	Creator	Marketplace
Maitreya	Body	Onyx Leshelle	https://secondstore.com
The Mesh Project/ The Shops	Head/Body	Several	
ND/MD	Avatars (Child, Fantasy, Tiny, Male)	Alea Lamont	https://secondstore.com
Niramyth	Avatar (Male and Fantasy)	Hydrogen Excelsior	https://secondstore.com
Omega Solutions	Universal Applier System	Chellynne Bailey	https://secondstore.com
PXL Creations	Mouth	Hart Larsson	https://secondstore.com
Slink	Head/Body/Hands/Feet (Female and Male) Male Physique is coming soon	Siddean Munro	https://secondstore.com
Snow Rabbit	Head	Shirousagi Noel	https://secondstore.com
Tellaq	Avatar (Male)	Tellaq Guardian	https://secondstore.com
The Wigglesworth Residence	Senior Avatars (Male and Female)	Mordechai Wigglesworth	https://secondstore.com

Marketplace

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
res/14076

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
es/15223

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
res/6337

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
es/133475

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/marketplace.
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es/14153

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
s/131442

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
es/47252

/marketplace.
ndlife.com/
es/35005

SLURL

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Maitreya%20Isle/206/145/27>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/The%20Shops/126/131/4>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/TRUE/190/68/22>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Niramyth/128/128/29>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Jacuma/128/190/202>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Cindel/133/104/26>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Slink/22/124/22>

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Snow%20Rabbit/34/135/21>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tropical%20Breeze/49/62/23>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/tableau/115/56/26>

Blog/FlickR

<http://sl-maitreya.blogspot.com/>

<http://themeshproject.org>

<http://ndmd-skins-shapes.blogspot.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Niramyth.Productions>

<http://lovenlustdesigns.blogspot.com>

<http://pxlcreations.wordpress.com/>

<http://slinkstyle.com>

<http://shirousaginoel.blogspot.jp>

<http://www.tellaq.blogspot.com>

<http://wrigglesworthblog.blogspot.com>

Storm Before the

by DonJuan Writer

Between the
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I'd sooner swallow malicious breath?
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re of how our media smothers?
that the specter of war
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people's despair?
t to kill me without knowing my name?
k we're all the fucking same?
peace, we owe it.
ity who want peace, I know it.

photo by riktorsashen

Parallel Lives: The Present Day

by Art Blue



lys



photo by WizardOz Chrome

I read the story *Parallel Lives: The Glory of Past Times* in the last rez, where a game designer spoke or claimed to speak for our party. I am a game designer. Not a game designer as well. I am really one. Once I worked for Lovemachine Inc. Some of you being in Venture Capital may ask if I followed the all-time genius of virtual worlds and work now at HighFidelity? Not really, but very soon you'll understand this is not totally wrong. The reason I'm the sort of game designer I am is because there is lack of content.

SL, Second Life, you may have heard is (depending on when you will read this story, you may say "has been") the big content machine. The users created the content, not game designers. The difference is not huge, it is giant. It is beyond any boundaries. A game designer struggles, he works double shifts to create content, and never, never is it enough, and often it is the wrong content. So I have to reinvent SL. I have to find a way to enable the users of the game to become creators. To produce Love is my way. HighFidelity needs content and Love shall be it. Why I think this fits so good? Lovemachine came after SL and HighFidelity came after Lovemachine. All three companies were founded by Phil Rosedale. I know there is a path behind, a true mission, even more as a path, a myth. Love makes content. Love is content. So I spread Love into this world. There

are three classic categories of Love: PG, Mature, and Adult. Yeah, I know SL, you see. In Lovemachine Inc., we speak of communication intensity. We speak of help, support, and reward, of bonus points and spreading the word about Love. In the world I create, I don't want users just to create Love - - I want them to steal Love, copy Love, and modify Love. What did Phil say about his company, Lovemachine Inc?: "We believe that the right band of people can work together, have a huge amount of fun, make a bunch of money, and try to save the world." So in one word: Love without boundaries.

I will place Love in a thrilling framework. That's my job. Calyptica the world I am about to create. You may have seen some episodes of Caprica or Battlestar Galactica on TV. Characters I have in mind to copy: Dr. Gaius Baltar and Cylon Number Six are two of my favorites. Calyptica shall give room for Love, passion, hate and jealousy, and for intelligence - - super-intelligence. In one word: made for you. Why, you wonder now, that next to Love I set elements that are a threat to Love, a Cylon, a machine intelligence searching to understand the stupid humans, but also killing them? I have to copy Phil Rosedale's word at the Opensimulator Conference 2014 where he spoke about his first invention, Second Life:

"I would say that to a certain extent the

virtual world must contain some sort of danger and risk and possibility of pain or loss to be interesting. I don't think that we can create worlds of any kind that aren't that are interesting without them being also you know at least being somewhere dangerous. That said, the virtual world is at a basic level a safer place than the real world. We do not have the ability in the virtual world to physically harm each other and that is a very powerful change that I think brings us closer to our aspiration about what it is to be human. I think that the fact that we are perhaps emotionally in danger but not physically in danger in the virtual world is a tremendous positive step toward being all that we can be."

He couldn't be more right and wrong. You may know it by now as a reader of the thrilling stories of Art Blue -- Virtual and Real -- these terms need to be shifted in the future, but on the thrill, on this Phil Rosedale is right.

You see, true Love emanates out of the fight for it. No fight, no Love. Love is not a gift from the Lords of Kobol, a result out of a happy marriage of Apollo and Serina guided by the Ships of Light, following a vision of Dodona Selloi, the modern version of the Oracle of Delphi. No, you need strong and merciless characters like Admiral William Adama and Saul Tigh, the XO with some dark sides and blind spots no one may suspect. Calyptica is for the avant garde players, my boss says - - for the



elite. There won't be the revenue coming in that he wants. For the masses, I need a simpler version. He insists in a "compact design," he says, but in fact, he longs for a brainless pew-pew easy to go world -- but I will trick them all. I go into the depth of life.

I Create Oh - Wow 3

Wow, you have heard? Oh wow, Oh wow, Oh wow? Have you heard "Oh wow" three times in a row? I am sure you have not, otherwise you would now be dead. Dead as Steve Jobs is. He is not dead. I said you would be as dead as he is. You ask if he is now a game designer? A good question, but you know already the answer. I am not allowed to tell you facts that bring you knowledge from the future. You know the reasons from *Part One of Parallel Lives*. But what I may say is that Steve Jobs didn't become famous because of Apple. He became famous because he was the first one to break the Wow barrier to the Afterlife. This is a fact known in your time.

2011: "Before embarking, he'd looked at his sister Patty, then for a long time at his children, then at his life's partner, Laurene, and then over their shoulders past them. "Steve's final words were: 'Oh wow. Oh wow. Oh wow.'" [New York Times, from the eulogy of Steve's sister Patty].

How is this connected to Art Blue, who published this story in *rez Magazine*? Art Blue was the first to present Steve Job's last words in an art show at the gallery COSPUD/E/NER, looking back to the first steps in computer art he made, sponsored by Apple in 1981. The title of the exhibition, *The 3rd WOW*.

So WOW is not World of Warcraft and LOL is not laughing out loud? Many keywords in your present times are about to get a new meaning. LOL turns to? League of Legends! Never heard? If you are a damned good player of LOL and make it into the winning team of the annual games you get \$200,000 USD. In total, \$1 Million USD are set for five glorious fighters. \$2 Million

**Steve's final words were
"Oh, wow. Oh, wow. Oh, wow."**

Let me copy his sister's words, who was with him as he died on October, 11,

USD in total are paid by the makers Riot Games for this form I call Hunger

Games. Why I call it so? Check out what kind of players these are. Some drink only Coke and eat chips during the finals, as then their need to go to the toilet can be stretched. They do others things I don't dare publish. They do it for the fame of the games, for their fans, for their personal ONE TAKE. As parents, you may say \$200,000 USD is not enough when the kids skip school, have no education, miss social contacts outside the game world. Yes, I say. I agree -- but for a different reason. They should be playing Dota 2, where the award is much bigger: \$18 Million USD (to be exact: \$18,416,970 USD). If you have been lucky this year and got for \$199 USD a seat in the Key Arena in Seattle, you may understand why Art Blue loves so much the old Roman Colosseum, where "Panem et Circenses" once made their trip around the world. Had I written "award in this year," you might have thought I was fantasizing and placed my story slightly into the future; sorry, you are wrong. It happened from August 3rd to August 8th in the year 2015.

But LOL is not bad at all. I like it even though it fades in money making. Over 27 million gamers play it every day, with a peak of 7.5 million concurrent users. They bring -- Art Blue would say -- so much joy that goes as radio transmissions from earth to the sky. You understand best if you are one of 5.2 Million volunteers of SETI@HOME

and you let your computer run when others sleep for the benefit of science. When other inhabitants in the universe transmit to us their life signs, we shall do the same. LOL! - - the good old LOL you are familiar with you may shout now if you are not one of these volunteers. If you play LOL, you may prefer ROFL or ROTFL. We have to change language one more time so everyone understands the new tunes. I move to the language of the future by discovering the old ways. I do my transmissions ROT-13 coded - - the code of Julius Caesar - - by rotating the alphabet symmetrically. A new alpha.bet - - a new abc.xyz- -- but usable for easy reading so it shall be not too difficult.

You got the hint to Google? No? Then enter in your browser <http://abc.xyz> and get it. Art Blue has long covered his name in such ways. That's why you don't find out where his art is stored and presented. I found out his name is ROT-13 coded in Facebook. He is using the Afrikaans term for "The One Knowing." He may know the TSNKO. Let's not make it too difficult for others to decipher our message, might be his reason.

And another reason why I Love LOL: Money is not everything to Riot Games. The company has a heart. It cares for life. Life in your time. This brings vibrations. You read some words in rez last month *Parallel Lives: The*

Glory of Past Times. I don't know if this is all true, I just know one Life. Let me use the current word: Real Life, for short: Life.

Life. I mean all shades of life. Each type of user counts in my design of life. Life is not just a word in a game that affects some pixels. I know some readers don't go with Art Blue's trail that binary is truth. They say, "It's a game." I want more than pixels when it comes to substance. They care for something different, they call it more real. This story is in present time, so I need to use facts you can double check right here and now. What about Make-A-Wish, the foundation for the last wish for kids? Have you ever heard of a skin named Jaximus? This skin was designed for one kid having cancer - - his name Jo. He wanted to be for one day at the headquarters of Riot Games in Culver City, CA. A game designer made Jaximus for Jo and offered it on LOL marketplace. LOL is free of charge, but you may support the game or speed up your path by using real money. Tryndamere (the ingame name of the co-founder of Riot Games, Marc Merrill) posted that total revenues for Jaximus were \$480,000 USD, made by 140,000 buyers in RP (Riot Points), so the day for Jo at Riot HQ could easily be paid by Make-A-Wish. Of course, Riot Games did not keep the money. It gave it to the foundation. One happy kid for life. And one happy blogger on You-

Tube made 300,000 views on this message and got money from YouTube.

You get now an idea of content. Content needs to be heart breaking. And when emotions run, then industry steps in. The modern type of industry. The promoters of lifestyle. So LOL means "be on the winning team." Samsung has two concurrent teams in the LOL championship, paying the team members like superstars in sport, just the little "e" you have to add: e-sport. Parents, get your kids to do sports, e-sports! Most times it will be the boys who shout, "Yea! I made it to Team Blue at Samsung." If it is your son, then think of Art Blue. Give him what he deserves: a like in Facebook. Speak to your kids in their language, "That's fantastic. Samsung Galaxy Blue is a good LOL team. I hope you will fight Team White in the finals," and after a strategic pause, where you may enjoy your kid's mouth wide open, you add, "Can you show me the type of blue skin you got on the team?" -- and to make the catch to a final one: "Is it coded in universal art blue - UABlue in Hex #0033AA?" What is the fuss about the universal blue? You shall wonder and wait for the transition to the next level. There is a future of Art -- keep on reading rez!

You don't want to wait? You are triggered by Blue? So, let me tell you facts well known in your world about

Blue. Game Blue. Alpha Blue! For this I need to tune you a little deeper into the

does the so-called matching. You don't know in advance if you will play Blue

← → ↺ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X31K6jammH0>


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Psychological cheat codes, ma'am.

0:43 / 17:05

Game Theory: Red vs Blue, The SECRET Color Strategy

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Published on 25 Jun 2015

world of LOL.

When you play LOL, you have different ways to get assigned to a team. Each team has five players. The computer

or Red. The computer decides on stochastics. All is set up symmetrically - - same chances for each team. But the fact is, in case you are matched into the Team Blue, the chances of winning are

higher if you are in the Red Team. Why is this so? We speak of a random assignment. We speak of math. Of a dice thrown by the computer. It is the feeling of Blue in the team. That is it! A Blue will attack more the towers and stay less time in open battle. LOL is a game with an emphasis on long-term strategy, and the color blue does promote this subliminally. There are other games, ego-shooters we call them,

where Red teams have an advantage. You shake your head? Read game theory; check out the channel of Matthew Patrick, also known as MatPat on YouTube, with 5,000,000 subscribers: The Game Theorists - - The Secret Color Strategy. There you find more amazing facts. When judges in the so-called real world must determine the victor in a fighting sport, like Taekwondo, who usually wins the match? Not Blue,



right: the person wearing a red shirt has a fat advantage there. You may call it “the blood factor.” Easy to check out by re-colouring a video of a fight. Same video, just with a color switch, digitally reversed. That’s why I Love LOL. I am Blue. Art Blue?

You see, I, as a game designer in present times, care for Blue. The Art on the Moon exploded in blue spheres! WizardOz made the machinima. They stay on YouTube. There is no way back. No way to use a different color. Blue for Digital Art is a fact.

But is this all true? What if facts are mixed with Belief? It sounds so good for a person playing LOL to be smart, to be Blue - -to be a strategist, not a pew-pew ego shooter. I worry how easily words are copied just by the fact that 5,000,000 subscribers can’t be wrong - - it must be right. It sounds so good when MatPat says: “How to win the battle before it even begins using psychological cheat code?” I, of course, know why these so-called facts are not questioned, and I even support them, as otherwise you would not listen. Samsung is Blue. Samsung is smart. The sponsor of LOL shall be happy. That is a fact. You have a Samsung Galaxy in white, black or gold? Let’s check at Android Authority, the leading website on smartphones outside of the Apple world: “Finally, we get to the flashiest of the lot, the blue version,

which is also exclusive to the Galaxy S6, ...” - shortlink
<http://is.gd/samsungcolor>

Now you see Blue is for a reason.

The Redeemer

Yeah, Blue, Oh Wow. We are back at the Moon. The biggest content conservation ever shall get back to life. For this I need a story. The Redeemer! And here I need Art Blue as this dammed guy who holds the IP rights on the Moonrezzer. With a little trick to let him sign this report, I don’t have to pay royalty fees, so I swallow this pill and let him be the author.

How can I transfer the Moon to you? Luckily I don’t need to do this. I transfer you to the Moon. I give you the UA Blue pill, another deal with Art Blue so he doesn’t sue me, and up you teleport into the Hypergrid heading to The Moon instalment. There is content, there is life. And there is the game of life. You think, “What a goof, what a poser.” Then you have not seen Minority Report, as this is exactly what happens there. 12 Moonholders kept the 12 Moons of Art stable in their hands stable on the big blue Moon. The Algebraist, made by Giovanna Cerise, is back. They feed the WoW - - World of Wonders. Now you know where the various sayings come from: “To bring one to the Moon,” “To rez one on the

Moon,” or “Become a Moonrezzer”. Of course, you wait for the most famous saying, “Be my FGOTM.” Now the First GOTM is smiling big. You don’t understand? Some secrets are meant to stay secret in present times.

Content means value and I shall use value wisely. I may just work out the game of the fisherman and let the player get stuck in these ancient times and not give him a gate to pass through to enter the next time layer where he be-

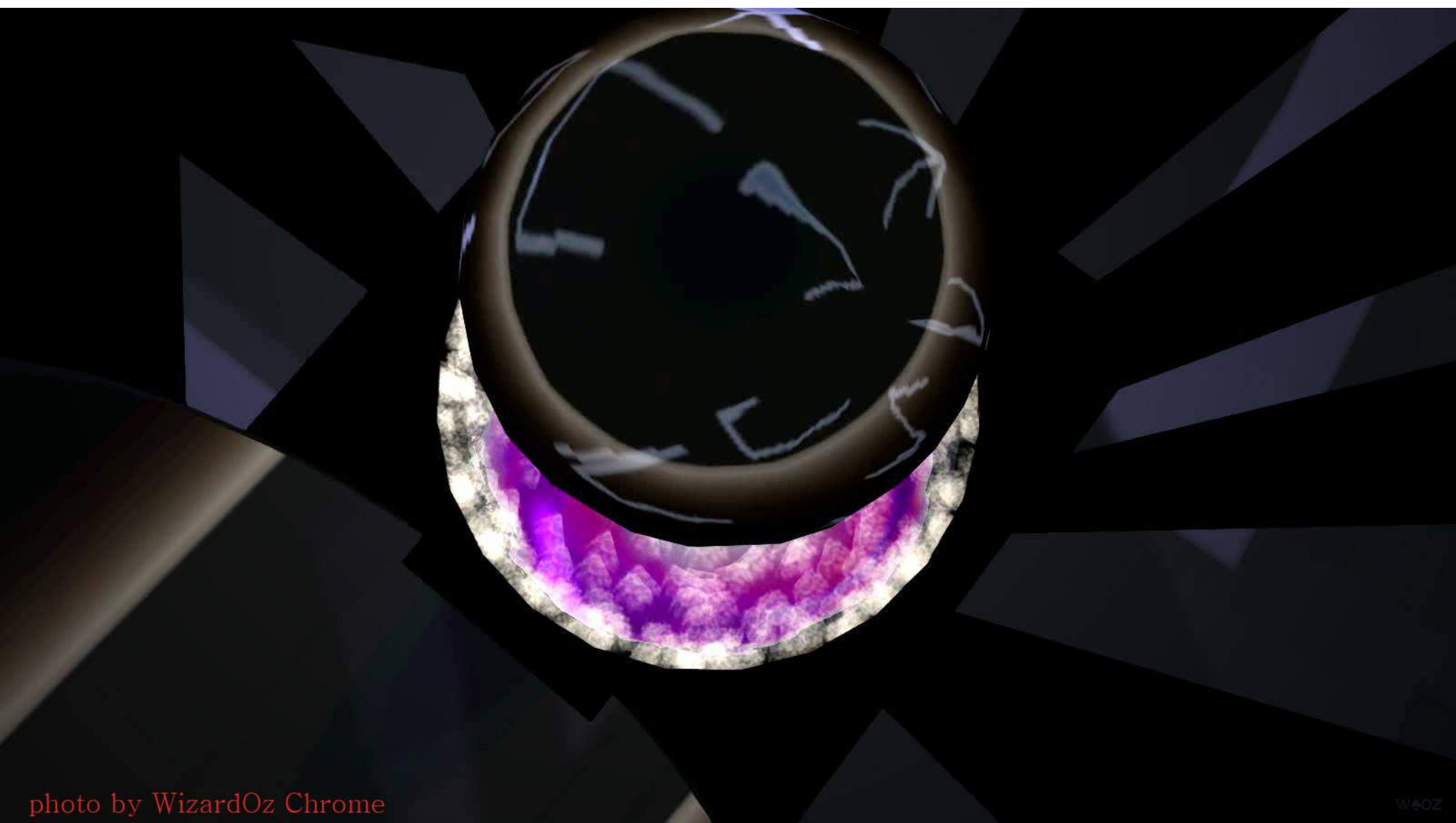


photo by WizardOz Chrome

WAOZ

Before I copy the words of the Redeemer for you, I shall go back to Love, the company I claim to work for. Lovemachine Inc., you remember, founded by Philip Rosedale. For sure, you did not know that Lovemachine came after Second Life and before High Fidelity took place. Yeah, Lovemachine is back as content is needed for High Fidelity. You ask about SANSAR? You know the answer already. This realm is also in need of content.

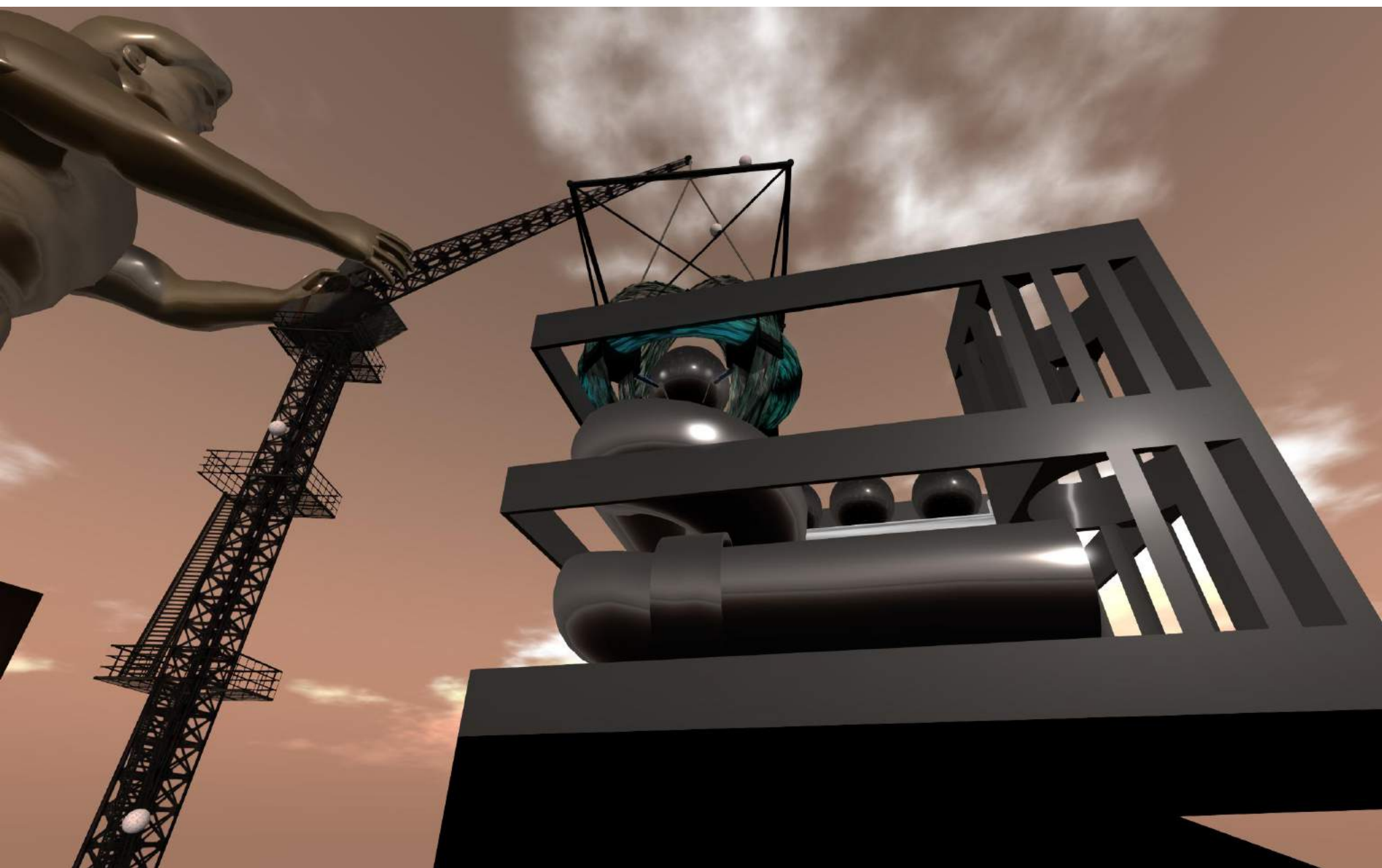
comes a warrior. One timeline shall be enough. Fishing is not as simple as it looks. In dark waters you easily get lost. You may search for light. Enough for one life, for one play! You might say it is unfair to hide the secrets of knowing from him, not allow him to get things right so he understands. Not to know that he is in a computer, not to know what brains are matched for him to meet. The idea is triggering. He may stay all over in the game. If I recode the

Oracle, I may even bring him back to life after his arranged suicide. You remember the mountain of Exomvourgo in the old story where Callimachus died by his own hand to avoid the extinction of his family -- and that this was grubbed out 1,000 years later, creating a new story? Unfortunately, a never-ending game is forbidden.

The Avatar Health Act of 2057 requires that we call a functional nurse and impose a mandatory break for medicine after 42 hours max if, like most in this time, you can't afford to buy a fuse. How can I find a workaround, make my idea work, allow him to stay and pay and fulfil the requirement of the law? I have an idea. I make a copy and this copy gets the interruption - - the

other one goes on playing. And when the interrupted one comes back, the memory of the still-alive players gets copied to the other one, so the memory of being out of game is just no longer there. And the same I do with his wife, who has been looking for him. Lovemachine at its finest. Phil will be happy. And I will be happy, as I will use the music of *Gladiator* as a bridge -- "Honor him & Now we are free" <https://youtu.be/xButjfhZWVU> between the world shift.

I place my product in the middle of this running business. Now I head to the \$18 million USD skin. Just 4,800 downloads of the mission book to go and I have to share the magic cloak of Nerual. The sales counter shows me - -



based on an actual average download of 2 books per second - - I have still about three hours to wait. Time to use the good waves at Waikiki beach to join the jumps with the happy fish. My head is already spinning. Maybe I'll just jump off the road and head into the future, which should be a different story -- but present and future merge into one when the one knowing is there as he makes it. I am a game designer. I am your future. I can afford to head to the real world for a while and then I may TP to Calyptica beach resort, copying my surfboard mounted during the jump. I post to the community of WoW 3: see you in three at the beach!

And John Carpenter gets real. Not the bomb which detonated on Cartesian doubt. You remember, bomb #20 in Dark Star? No? Haven't you watched the performance of *SKY FIRE - A Midsummer's Night* - where Art Blue stepped out of this cold sleep and said: "Don't trust external input and come with your Avatar to the Art Gallery at Roissy where the roof will open on Sept. 5th and particles will blow your mind?" Cassie Parker was with Art as his nurse to stabilize his life signs - - and it went well. Lexi Marshdevil and Particle Tom, the actors behind SKY FIRE, did an amazing show to support the exhibition of the works they present in the gallery as stills. I saw Art Blue a few days later at Cassie's play "Requiem." It sadly happened in the

real world. Requiem sent a reminder to us all. Death is calling: Code 64? No, I speak of a different date, of September 11th, 2001. You find a video on YouTube that catches some scenes of the play *Requiem: An Artistic Remembrance of the Victims, the Survivors and the Aftermath of 9/11* - - and there is a CNN iReport at <http://ireport.cnn.com/docs/DOC-1269359> .

Sometimes, to be in the real world might not be the best choice, and maybe you would prefer to stay forever in bits and bytes in WoW - - maybe WoW 7. Don't be too sad. It will happen sooner than you might think. Things will turn. To be allowed to switch off your smartphone or to take off your Life-Chip will become a luxury. Being "a new Analog" it will be called. I can afford the real world, to be analog with you. Can you? Of course you can't, if you read these lines in some future times, but that's another story. The story of the future of *Parallel Lives*: Once I have been a game.

But here and now, I'll go by the fish, not by the elephant of past times. The fish is the wisest of them all in the zodiac. Some readers of rez may understand in a second, the other have to read back, to search in rez for words of Art. Some fish at the EU LOL party in Sweden you see here <https://vine.co/v/eD3wQirMpxM> -



Announcements



2015 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP - FINALS TICKETS

By Magus - Mon 27/07



It all comes down to this, the final event of the 2015 World Championship. It's time for the ultimate showdown in Berlin between the top two teams who will face-off to be crowned world champions. Here's the important information that you need to secure your seat at Finals below:

check the feed behind at #WeAreLCS.

I hope for you in some time than an analog fish may sit next to you, a fish who is fed up with all the talk on computers, predictions of Art and virtual realms. Maybe you are in your car on the way to Berlin to watch a performance of *Cirque du Soleil* in the Mer-

cedes-Benz Arena. Then your fish will gasp reading that the 2015 LOL world championship battle happens there. Mercedes is Blue. Blue Efficiency, they call it. And you reward me with a smile.

· r — e — z ·

Independence D

by Consuela Caldwell



Day

You push my buttons, tug on my soul,
Your every action is meant control.

You push your way into my space,
Twisting me from for the inside out.

Your words of malice cut through me.

Spurring my anger, wounding me with
their violence.

I resist trying to keep a reasonable interaction.

Because I'm the adult in the room until you push too far,
Triggering my hurt child who lashes out at your dysfunction.

This is how you find success to putting me behind bars.

You claim the high ground from the lowest point of moral topography.
You rise from the gutter offering to pay my bail.

What hallow magnanimity, with utterly false pretense
Diminishing my world until you eclipse the sunrise of my independence

Your manipulations binds me in chains, robbing me of my 4th of July,
Robbing me of my day of independence.

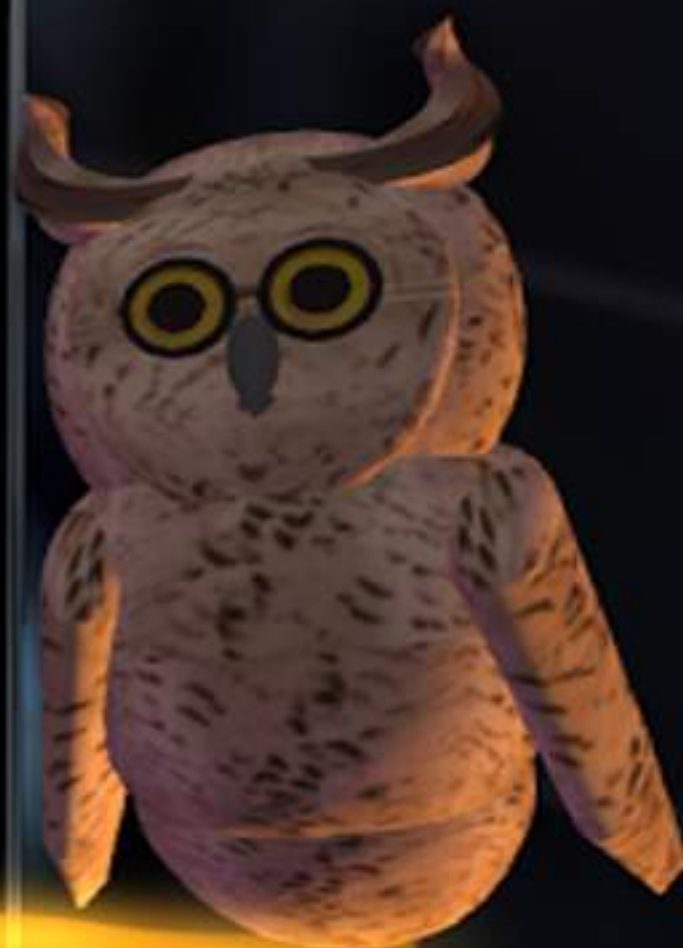


Paradise

A Production by
some words by



Lost :
by Canary Beck
by SoylentDotBlue



“I’ll lose my paradise right now,” I heard Neruval, the owl of Art Blue, crying. Instantly, I knew the paradise of the owl had to be saved, else the AI would die also. We live in a world where everything is connected, so when one paradise gets lost, all the other worlds will be affected. Finally, my own bits and bytes will stop breathing. The note I quote where the owl was crying was signed by Art Blue and we, as readers of *rez Magazine*, know Art just reports the facts, true facts. I having the rights of being a Blue created today Soylent and put myself inside where a new space for the paradise shall be created, a world where things are as intended, or not intended?

I am no longer sure about how worlds shall be. I have a Bugatti, I have a Hummer, same as Arni, The Governor, had, and yes, I admit I have also a Volkswagen, a diesel type. You know the one with the software where you don’t smell what comes out of its tail pipe as subliminally you think back on last car test. It might not be much more than nothing compared to other toxins you consume daily, but now you die of cancer as you know the tests have been faked. But I, as an Avatar of high caste, with some blue blood in me - - of best performance if you like this term more, don’t understand all the fuss now. Does not even a BWM make sounds produced by loudspeakers so the car’s power is impressing the ladies standing

next to the bus station when I make it stop at a red traffic light so I can offer a lift? Lost car paradise - - no longer such a sound is allowed. Lost smoker paradise - - no longer a smoker produces smoke.

I am so happy now that I am where I belong - - in a recreated paradise. There must be a trick, you say, as it was all over the news the last performance of *Paradise Lost* in Basilique happened at September 24, 2014. Art Blue, the usher in the play, was in tears. I know. I have seen it, as he had to log off the zebra he also played. Last time life for the zebra was granted. Goodbye forever, lovely zebra. But now, today is a happy day. I am invited to watch *Paradise Lost* inworld, online via media-on-prim. I am curious. I know Canary Beck put all her money together to make a movie. Long, long it took after Art Blue spoke to her about life, the universe and everything to motivate, to tease, to kick her to make a production so the next generation may see how virtual theatre started. Now, finally all are happy. Tickets are now available on Marketplace in SL. Art Blue can show the production at the *3rd Santorini Biennale* in Greece in 2016 as an opener for Immersivia, the section for interactive art in virtual worlds.

I step into the rehearsal, into a test room. I see the angel of Basilique that Art Blue has remade and the beginning



of its glowing. I watch the old and the new owl, the one made in prims and the one made in mesh. I take a seat. I wait for the pyramid media to start and I am banned, doomed, fixed for 59 minutes. Memories come back. I think you know already I am the zebra; indeed, I am one of eight Avatars playing a total of 43 roles over two years. We are all players in the game somewhere, when you see the credentials. I am just now officially the sponsor avatar, the writer of this story. I sit in the first row. I deserve it. You may sit next to me. You deserve it also, as you have donated some Lindens to watch the movie, to save the paradise. Think of all the thousands of Lindens you've wasted on things you never needed. I don't blame ladies for buying shoes, gems, and necklaces from the fantastic Belle Roussel, or men for buying a Bugatti from Excess Motors. Open your purse for the benefit of your soul, for the benefit of our world, and let the paradise happen once more. There are so many ways to support - - to experience - - a play. You truly don't want to miss it.

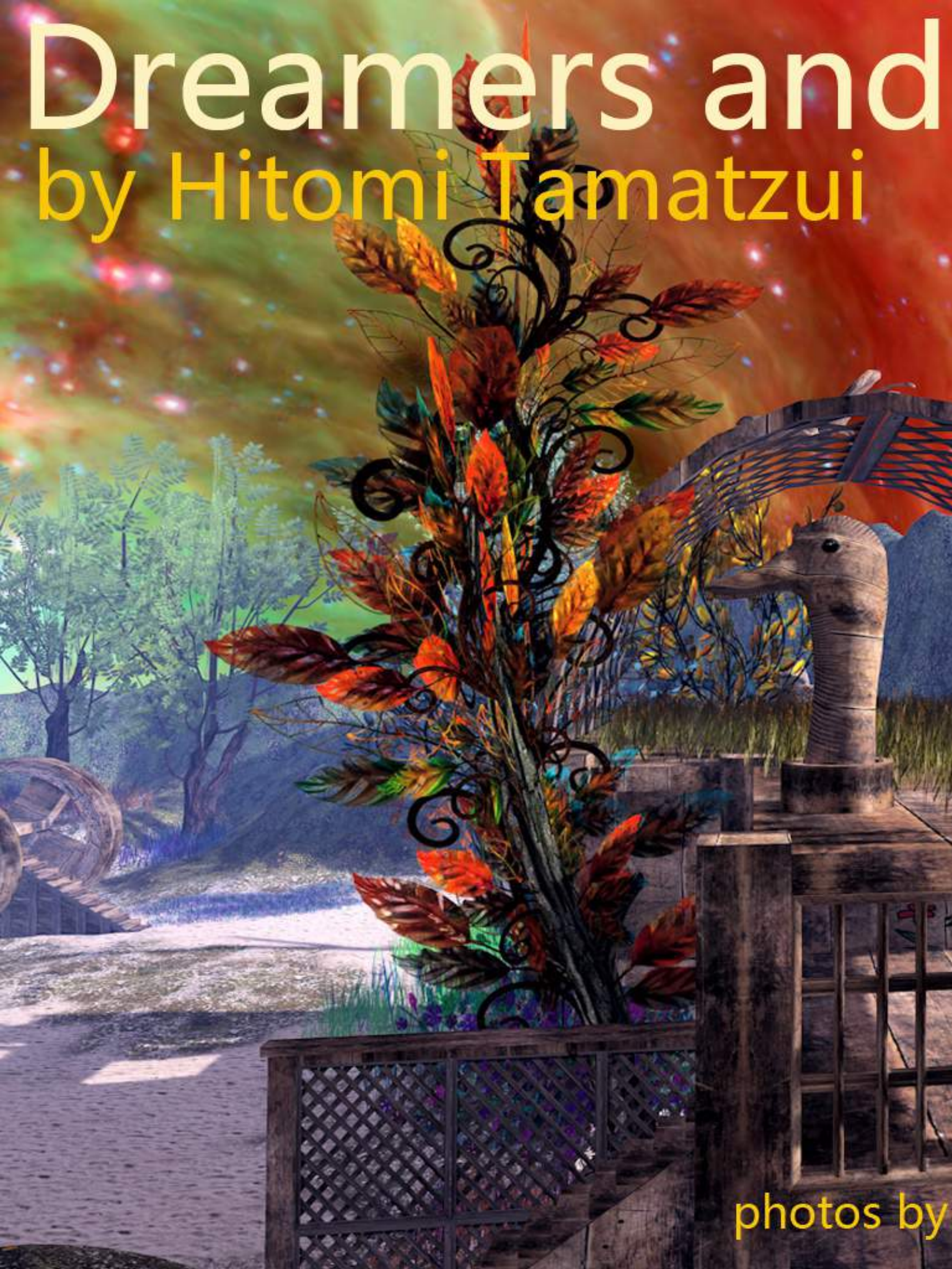
Enjoy 59 minutes of *Paradise Lost*, a

movie never produced before in a virtual world. It is pressed on celluloid, as we once said, but can also be experienced in the online world where I am now, inside the paradise.

One last line: *Paradise Lost* combines John Milton's blank verse epic of the same name with the music of the Süßmayr completion of Mozart's *Requiem Mass in D Minor*. It is copyrighted. Canary Beck bought a worldwide license to stream it for you with the original music. The computer on which you download it can be tracked by the studios and in some time you may have a huge fine (in case you've done similar things before, an even bigger fine) over your head. So don't do it. To donate to Paradise Lost 250, 500, or 1,000 Lindens is not a fortune, but for Canary Beck, 2,000 x 1,000 would mean she could get back the production costs she spent on her dream. So let's hope one of her next postings might be, "I made my Paradise." This is my wish.

You deserve it, Becky.

. r — e — z .



Dreamers and by Hitomi Tamatzui

photos by

Strings



Hitomi Tamatzui



Cica Ghost, a sculpture, artist, and builder from Serbia, has created a new exhibit on the Linden Endowment for the Arts Sim #24, entitled *Dreamers*. A collection of gazing heads is the central focus of a bubble-enclosed sim, surrounded by wooden wagons containing animals and insects,

with childlike drawings on the inside of each wagon.

Her island sim features a magnificent collection of ordinary sculptured people surrounding a five-piece string and piano band, while the observers sway to the music as they watch from a





three-story building. One can dance to the beautiful violin music.

Cica has had many shows since coming to SL in 2010, including *Cica* (black and white world), *Pieces of Cica*, a solo

exhibition at the Nitroglobus Gallery, *Rust* at LEA, *Ghostville* at Metales, *Small Worlds* at The Living Room, *Ruins*, *Balloons*, and *Life in a Bowl* in 2015 at the Wondering Dew.



Strings:

<http://maps.second-life.com/second-life/Luna%20Isle/144/166/30>

Dreamers:

<http://maps.second-life.com/second-life/LEA24/18/79/33>

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Warm Cotton

by Lisa Launay

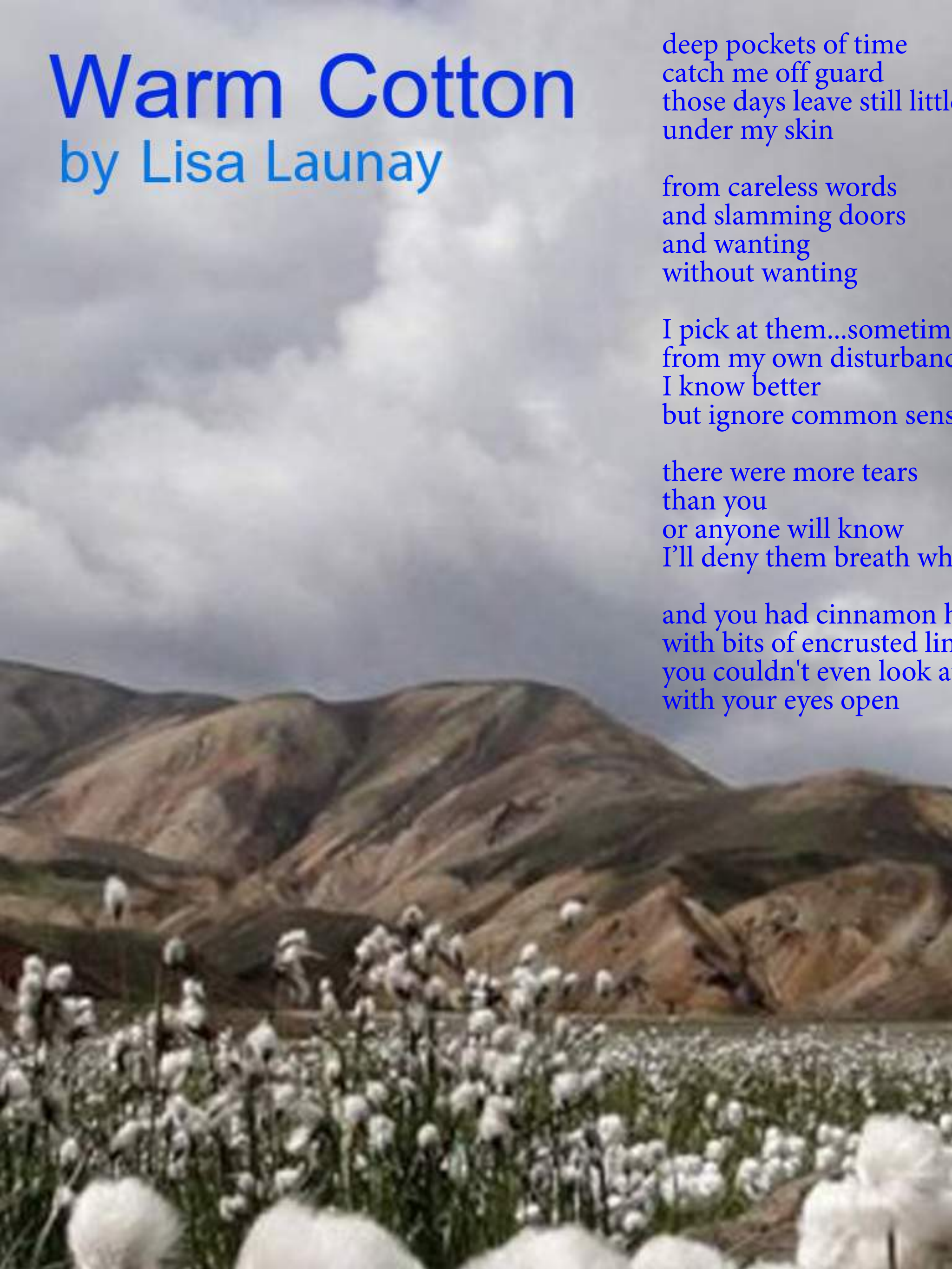
deep pockets of time
catch me off guard
those days leave still little
under my skin

from careless words
and slamming doors
and wanting
without wanting

I pick at them...sometim
from my own disturbanc
I know better
but ignore common sens

there were more tears
than you
or anyone will know
I'll deny them breath wh

and you had cinnamon h
with bits of encrusted lin
you couldn't even look a
with your eyes open



e slivers

your shoulders are lost
and rejected
and I won't smell you after a shower
or pick up your towel

es festering the pricks
ce

and drops of Ireland are lost in my thoughts
of roads I won't see
and maps we won't fight over
and the un-drunken pub night

se

Napa wine you won't taste
on Sonoma dusty fences
no cheese shops
no squirreled up faces of silly distaste

en they find me

The dream did not die in you
there are still
wishing wells of
unknown day trips

hearts in your pocket
at
t me

left to be seen
with someone else
who smells like warm cotton
and loves my name





Bathtub Madonna

In Memory of Camille, 1955-2015

by Jullianna Juliesse

She stands silent
In your wildflower garden
Outstretched hands
Peeking from the furls of her simple flowing robe,
A crown of silvery stars—
Foot crushing a stone serpent,
Protecting your land.
Is her gaze all-knowing,
Or simply the artifice of the sculptor's hands?

You stand still
In your wildflower garden—
What memory, what essence of you remaining
Whispers wildly in the leaves,
Your wheelchair cast aside at last
You are free.

And I remember, the day
The time, the old place
Where I first saw the face
Of your Bathtub Madonna
And how we laughed.
Not at her, per se
But at the tradition
And utter irony
Of placing the mother of god in a porcelain tub.

Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Distribution

Stacey Rome

Writers

Jami Mills

Art Blue SoylentDotBlue

Hitomi Tamatzui

Mariner Trilling

Cajsa Lilliehook

Jullianna Juliesse

Lisa Launay

DonJuan Writer

Conseula Caldwell

Poetry Editors
Mariner Trilling
Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors
Friday Blaisdale
Jami Mills

Graphics Editor
Jami Mills

Photographers
Jami Mills
Hitomi Tamatzui

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